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CHRONICLE.

VERY interesting and important appointments, which we discuss elsewhere, were announced at the end of last week in reference to the various divisions of British Africa.—The new Bill affecting Hindoo marriages was discussed last week before the VICEROY in Council, and, as was expected, considerable objection was made by the native members, especially by Sir ROMESH MITTER, who has discharged the most important judicial offices in India. The case of Captain DEURY, an officer charged with newspaper comment on the conduct of his superiors in Burmah, may prove an interesting one.—The arrival of Lieutenant COUTINHO, one of the officers guilty of "filibusterous" conduct against British subjects in Africa, has caused a fresh effervescence in Lisbon, and it is very much to be feared that the Portuguese are entertaining altogether unreasonable hopes as to the modification of the original Convention. The French appear to have had some fair fighting in Senegal against local Kroumirs called "Toucouleurs," who naturally are unprepared to accept the tricolour.—Details as to the recent events in Chili were still, at the beginning of the week, scarce and vague. That the Chilians are the most businesslike of South Americans is well known, and they seem to display this quality in keeping their revolutions quiet. It would appear to have taken the rather unusual form of a naval revolt.—An attempt to solve the Behring Strait difficulties in a new fashion has been made by a motion in the Supreme Court of the United States. It remains to be seen with what effect. In the first place, considerable searchings of heart appear to have arisen in America on the subject.—Various commercial treaties are about to be denounced in France, in accordance with the general Protectionist policy of the Republic. But it is not thought that the measure will much affect English interests.—Another instalment of Queen NATALIE's documentary griefs has been published without much increase of information or edification on the whole quarrel. It seems more than ever to have been a case of *linge sale*, which it suited certain foreign intriguers to have washed in public.

Mr. MORLEY made an address to his constituents at Newcastle on Tuesday under the chairmanship of Dr. SPENCE WATSON. Dr. WATSON may have rather saddened those who know or have heard good things of him by some exquisitely foolish remarks about the *Times*. The sometime Irish Secretary seems to have found less agreement in his audience than usual, and certainly can hardly be said to have brought material for much. That everything is as merry with Home Rulers, English and Irish, as a marriage bell; that Mr. GLADSTONE is a seraphically good man, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN a diabolically wicked man; that Mr. MORLEY himself really thought Mr. PARNELL was going to prove himself innocent till he opened his newspaper on that unlucky morning, and so forth—these were his contentions, and they certainly do not come to much. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself and Professor DICEY spoke on the other side on the same day at Birmingham and Workington respectively. Mr. MORLEY spoke again at a dinner given next evening to a local newspaper proprietor and Gladstonian member of Parliament, and was followed by Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, who, according to some of his admirers, was "vigorous." "Let us be merry," said a celebrated character, and, suiting the action to the word, he took a captain's biscuit. "Let us be vigorous," say the Gladstonians, and they take Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, refraining even from good words anent Dr. JOSEPH PARKER, addressed the Separatists of Poplar on the same day, and Mr.

CHAPLIN spoke in Lincolnshire. On Thursday night Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN transferred his inspiring and consistent presence to Hartlepool; Lord DERBY spoke in his usual solid fashion at Manchester; Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, much interrupted by intrusive Separatists, made a speech at Birmingham, and Mr. STANSFELD addressed such persons as care to know what Mr. STANSFELD thinks he thinks.

The Hartlepool canvass has been vigorously prosecuted this week, the Gladstonians, we are sorry to hear, resorting freely to the means which too often characterize the baser folk of their party. One falsehood as to intimidation appears to have been promptly crammed down the throat that uttered it; but the inventor has too often the advantage in such cases.

On Sunday Mr. PARNELL was present at a great demonstration at Limerick, and made a very lively and defiant speech, full of compliments to Mr. O'BRIEN, and directly levelled at the accuracy of Mr. GLADSTONE's memory or testimony as to the Hawarden meeting. When it is a question of Mr. GLADSTONE's word against Mr. PARNELL's, he would be a bold man who should attempt to decide on one side or the other. Nor can Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY's intervention be said to settle the matter. The records of the last Boulogne conference between Mr. O'BRIEN and the anti-Parnellites represent the latter as leaving "dejected and discomforted," which is, on the whole, a good hearing enough, and is confirmed by Mr. PARNELL's language as to the Hero of the Brecks.—Lord ZETLAND gave on Tuesday a very encouraging account of the arrangements which he and Mr. BALFOUR have made for at once providing work, facilitating communication, and opening up trade in the congested and afflicted districts in Ireland.—Mr. PARNELL presided over a National League meeting, and bestowed much more benevolent eloquence on his rivals, on Mr. GLADSTONE and on others.—The Gladstonian and anti-Parnellite confidence which Mr. O'BRIEN has so sadly betrayed has now been transferred to Mr. DILLON, and what will happen if he too wrings the trusting bosom of Mr. MCCARTHY by favouring that man, that other person, that PARNELL, it is frightful to think.—We observe that the almost incredibly silly attitude of Gladstonians towards the ZETLAND-BALFOUR fund has been a little broken by subscriptions on the part of some of them—an elementary precaution which only a party at its wit's end would have neglected at first.

After many days, in consequence partly, it is The Koch Cure, supposed, of the very damaging criticisms of no less an authority than Dr. VIRCHOW, the secret (a secret pretty much *de Polichinelle*) of the Koch remedy has been revealed. It amounts, as was expected, to a somewhat kill-or-cure inoculation with the bacillus itself. Bitter disappointment, it is to be feared, has been and will be brought on thousands of sanguine sufferers and their friends; but few reasonable men will be much surprised.

In the very interesting and noteworthy apology for Afrikanderism which Sir GORDON SPRIGG included in his speech on Imperial Federation on Wednesday, he pleaded that, as an Englishman was proud of being born in England, so a Cape Colonist might be excused for regarding with pride and affection "the country of their birth which is not England." This is something of a fallacy. What an Englishman, if he deserves the name, is proud of is not the mere local accident of having been born in England—he is just as much an Englishman if he is born in San Marino or in St. Helena. He is proud of inheriting the tradition of Crécy and Agincourt, of the Nile and Trafalgar, of being of one blood with SHAKESPEARE, of belonging to the nation that bred the men who went down in the *Birkenhead* and those who stood on the ridge

of Albuera. This heritage is as open to men of colonial as to men of home birth, and that they should ignore or barter it for a mere parochial particularism is a sufficiently wonderful thing.

It was from the first evident that, all things considered, no better appointment could be made to the Archbishopric of York than Dr. MAGEE. In eloquence, in intellectual ability, and in that political sanity which is of the first importance in a prelate, the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH has no superior on the Bench; his churchmanship, if not of the absolutely best, is of an excellent kind, and there is no doubt about his powers of ruling. His age and his health are the sole drawbacks, and they cannot be helped.

Councillor THRELFALL, variously described as "This Splendid Strike," of Stockport and Southport, thinks the Scotch strike a "splendid one." Some idea of the moral tone of this "splendour" may be gathered from the trifling facts that a meeting of strikers was regaled with the news that a North British train was over an embankment, that the pickets at the Motherwell bridges stone drivers and firemen, that Mr. JOHN BURNS tells his myrmidons to be "nineteenth-century ROB ROYS," and "make their wives ready with stools to knock the heads off 'those men.'" On the other hand, the souls of strikers themselves are exercised at the sentences passed by Mr. BOMPAS, Recorder of Plymouth, last week on some Trade-Union secretaries. The sentences in themselves were very lenient; but the decision, if unchallenged or upheld, establishes that a strike with intent to prevent others from working is an offence *per se*. That, of course, is what it ought to be.

Miss ANNA PARNELL, of whom not much has been heard lately, arose and became a sister in Israel (at least Ireland) last week. She said dreadful things about Mr. GLADSTONE, remarking that he was "old and crafty when most of them were 'in long clothes,'" neatly ticketed Mr. DAVITT as an "Englishman," and Mr. DILLON as "a victim of hypnotic suggestion," and was generally genial and conciliatory. A man might do worse when he is in Mr. PARNELL's position than have several such sisters.—Mr. HUXLEY gave the good news that he is going to republish in more accessible form his "Half-Hours with a General," and Sir T. FOWELL BUXTON gave utterance to what must be allowed to be somewhat well-founded criticism on the Vitu Expedition, a thing neatly enough done (though rather too much talked about), but, we fear, something of a playing into the hands of the Germans, and something of an imitation of their methods.—On Monday morning Lady ZETLAND and Miss BALFOUR supplied some information for persons desirous of contributing children's clothing to the Irish Relief Fund.—Two very important letters from the Headmaster of Rugby and the Rector of Exeter appeared on the subject of Greek in the *Times* of Tuesday, and Professor HUXLEY, repenting himself of his promised abstinence, did trounce and baste "Commissioner" BOOTH-CLIBBORN right handsomely.—A funny, but not uninteresting, protest against Mr. GLADSTONE's RIPON-and-RUSSELL-Relief Bill appeared from Dr. JOSEPH PARKER, in which the oracle of the City Temple urged *per impossibile* that you might almost as well make an Anglican bishop Lord Chancellor as a Roman layman. As a matter of fact, Anglican bishops have made excellent Lord Chancellors and Lord Keepers before now, and Dr. MAGEE or Dr. STUBBS would be very well in place at this moment.—Sir JOHN ADYE's letter on the effect of disestablishing the Ordnance as a separate department was worth listening to, nor must we forget a delightful epistle, not directly intended for publication, from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, in which that hero reassured a friend, and said his name was not ACHILLES—at least, that he was not sulking, but only "cultivating 'his own fireside in seasonable weather.'" Whether the frost was thermometric or political—aye, that said he not. But, whichever may have been the case, the fireside occupations allowed of another letter a few days later, in which Sir WILLIAM was a good deal less airy and much more explicit. With any Irish leader but Mr. PARNELL, it seems, the "Liberal party" will work; with him they will not. Would Sir WILLIAM tell a plain man the exact difference between this and "refusing the Irish 'the management of their own affairs'?"—A correspondence between the late Lord Mayor and Mr. CHAPLIN on muzzling was published on Wednesday, in

which (as well as in a document published on the same day, and signed by some persons of importance and some of none) strong pressure was put on the Government for a universal muzzling order, to which, however, Mr. CHAPLIN does not see his way.

Lord GRIMTHORPE has published a characteristic (but, to do Lord GRIMTHORPE justice, when is he not characteristic?) criticism of the LINCOLN judgment, in the course of which he observes that the decisions, with which the judgment does not agree, are "all as much law as if they were in Acts of Parliament." Lord GRIMTHORPE knows so many things that he should surely know law enough to be aware that this is nonsense.—Some interesting law cases have been decided during the week, the Court of Appeal very emphatically confirming the damages awarded to Mr. TERRISS for a libel in an English newspaper, and the jury as emphatically declaring in the still more curious case of FOOT v. ELTON that the action (also for libel) "ought never to have been brought." Most curious of all, perhaps, was the will case of HAMPSON v. GUY, in which large bequests to a Roman Catholic sisterhood were decided against on the grounds of undue influence and insufficient mental competence in the testatrix.—At the inquest on the horrible death of nine little children by burning at Leeds, the promoters of the entertainment were deservedly censured for their extraordinary want of judgment.—Mr. GLADSTONE spoke non-politically at Hawarden on Thursday, and pronounced one of his usual eulogies on the agricultural progress of the last half-century. It was a little less bold than it was a year or two ago, but it was bold enough. We have never been able to understand the "blind-eye" attitude of Mr. GLADSTONE's school of Free-traders. A thoroughgoing devotee at once of Free-trade and fact might surely afford to say, "Yes! we have ruined 'our agriculture, but we have made it up in other ways.'" Whether we have or not may be a subsequent question, but is an independent one.

Lord DE SAUMAREZ, who died at a great age last week, was not much known himself, but was the son of one of the most gallant and successful of our admirals in the great war, whose winter blockade of Brest, in Douarnenez Bay, was even a greater achievement than his fighting exploits.—Baron HAUSMANN had attained a world-wide fame, though of a chequered character, by destroying old Paris, and, as the Commune showed, by not rendering revolutions impossible.—The thirteenth Duke of SOMERSET followed his brother the twelfth very rapidly, and has been succeeded by a third brother who is in his seventy-eighth year. But the present head (as even the great Sir EDWARD, whom he represents, would now allow) of the famous house of SEYMOUR, unlike his brethren, has issue.—The Duke of BEDFORD followed the Duke of SOMERSET a few days later. He had not been prominent in politics, though he was a strong Unionist, but those who knew him regarded him as an excellent man of business, a liberal user (in some respects, at any rate) of his great fortune, and a man of very considerable intellectual ability, especially in conversation.—M. FOUCHER DE CAREIL was a French politician of note, if not of very great note.

After the Christmas interval, interesting books have begun again to issue from the press. The present week has seen the *Studies in Literature* of Mr. JOHN MORLEY (MACMILLAN), who may not be, as some say, a "great orator," but who certainly is an excellent man of letters; the once almost world-famous *Times* letters of "S. G. O." (GRIFFITH & FARRAN), things which, despite a considerable portion of the fussiness, the gush, and the injustice which are incident to newspaper philanthropy, did much good in their day and generation; the less ephemeral *Life and Letters of Newman up to 1845* (LONGMANS); and an exceedingly beautiful volume on *Horace Walpole*, written by Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON for the Grolier Club of New York, and published by Messrs. OSGOOD.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP.

MOST people go to York by way of Peterborough. The only peculiarity in Dr. MAGEE's mode of travelling is that he stopped twenty-two years on the way. He had, however, to wait for Archbishop THOMSON, who was only two years his senior, and who seemed to the ordinary

observer as had an investment for an insurance Company as the Duke of BEDFORD himself. Seven years ago, indeed, the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH lay almost at the point of death; while the Archbishop of YORK was, in the words of the Psalmist, lusty and strong. But slowly and surely Dr. MAGEE recovered, so that his medical attendant is able to warrant him sound in wind and limb. For once the PRIME MINISTER has succeeded in pleasing everybody by an ecclesiastical appointment. High Churchmen might have some excuse for grumbling, inasmuch as, in the old days of the Octagon Chapel at Bath, Mr. MAGEE was a burning light of the Evangelicals. But since his elevation to the Bench the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH has displayed so much judgment and impartiality in dealing with clerical and parochial disputes that the Church, without distinction of school, is ready to admit his qualifications for the highest honours. Certainly no one could be so unreasonable as to blame Lord SALISBURY for promoting a Conservative, who happens also to be the man of most conspicuous ability among the prelates of either Province. Dr. MAGEE is not, indeed, a Yorkshireman, and that is a fact which Yorkshire people, who clamoured for WILBERFORCE, are not slow to note. He is not even, like his predecessor, a North-countryman. As he was a graduate of Dublin, where his career was exceptionally brilliant, his selection will, it may be hoped, paralyse the faculties of the idiots who count up the Oxford and Cambridge men on the Episcopal Bench with a view to the discovery of a grievance for their University. When the late Dr. FRASER was made Bishop of Manchester the *Gaulois* discovered another proof of Mr. GLADSTONE's affection for Ireland in the circumstance of his having recommended so distinguished an Irish scholar. This puzzled a good many people, who did not remember or appreciate the incident of FRASER winning the Ireland Scholarship at Oxford. Foreign journalists have been puzzled to draw an intelligible moral from Lord SALISBURY's choice of an Irishman to be Primate of England, and perhaps we should be grateful for being spared allusions to the Bull of ADRIAN IV. Dr. MAGEE has spent the greater part of his life in England, and Englishmen are proud of him. The first of living preachers, and an orator surpassed by few, he can write as well as he can speak; and as a polemical controversialist he stands almost alone. Perhaps hardly in our time has there been such a sensation as was excited in the House of Lords by his magnificent plea for the maintenance of the Irish Church, delivered within a few months of his consecration. Lord BEACONSFIELD, who came into the House of Lords much later, placed Dr. MAGEE only third among the debaters in that assembly; assigning the first place to the Duke of ARGYLL, and the second to Archbishop TAIT. Only last session the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH exhibited the full power of his impressive eloquence on behalf of his own Bill for regulating the insurance of infant life; and his sermon at the reopening of Peterborough Cathedral in September was universally regarded as a masterpiece.

The future Archbishop of York discovered his extraordinary gift for spontaneous preaching in an accidental manner. He began by following the usual practice of fifty years ago and reading from manuscript. But short sight made this method very inconvenient, and he decided to dispense with the written word. This is the exact opposite of Mr. RUSKIN's case, who, when asked to lecture extempore, replied that he could not take the trouble of first copying out what he had to say, and then learning it by heart. Some of the BISHOP's endowments have proved to be double-edged tools. The exercise of sarcasm sometimes gives such pleasure to the wielder of that intellectual weapon that he forgets to ask himself whether the victim is equally delighted. The curate who begged that he might derive some advantage from the prevailing shower of livings, and was offered an umbrella, is believed not to have seen the joke. The worthy mayor who complained that his invitation to a civic banquet had been answered from the palace on a postcard, and was promised a large sheet of foolscap next time, is understood to have regarded the gibe as indecorous. Even the eminent lawyer who reminded the BISHOP that he would have to deal with the Burials question, and received for answer, "It's not the dealing I mind, it's the shuffling," may think it more graceful for him to repeat the remark than for the BISHOP to have made it. And though Dr. MAGEE is not, like SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, a "society Bishop," it may be said, without exaggeration or offence, that he is more popular in London drawing-rooms than in country parsonages. After all, a clergyman is a human being, and does not like to be reminded that his

Father in God considers him a fool. Yorkshiremen, however, can usually take pretty good care of themselves, and have a fairly keen sense of humour. One of the BISHOP's sayings has become proverbial. We mean, of course, his celebrated declaration that, if he were compelled to choose, he would rather see England free than England sober. Many were shocked, and the Master of Balliol said that the way to be free was to be sober, which is playing upon words. Freedom is not of much use if a man only uses it to get drunk. Yet the BISHOP's most hostile critic would probably not desire that England should change places with Turkey. On one occasion the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH came into rather sharp contact with the Archbishop of YORK whom he succeeds. The place was the House of Lords, and the subject the consecration of graveyards. The BISHOP, in his best vein, gave an entertaining account of his experiences in a Midland town, where the Radicals and Dissenters had threatened to mob him when he came to perform the ceremony. He testified to their peaceful behaviour at the critical moment, adding, "My lords, I felt no resentment against them then, and I feel none now. I inflicted on them the humiliation of an 'episcopal benediction, and dismissed them from my mind.'" The ARCHBISHOP, who followed, drily suggested that perhaps the assembled multitude found the proceedings more amusing than they expected. If the Province and Diocese of York respect ability, admire pugnacity, and do not mind being sometimes turned into rather unepiscopal ridicule, they ought to be content. They will also have an administrator of quite the first class, who would have become a great statesman if he had taken up politics instead of theology.

THE AFRICAN COMMISSIONERSHIPS.

THE announcement which was made on Saturday morning of the appointment of certain gentlemen, all very well known and of the highest character, to a new, or almost a new, class of diplomatic post in Africa, was very interesting. It remains to be seen whether, after the approaching palavers between HER MAJESTY'S Ministers of the one part and Sir HENRY LOCH and Mr. CECIL RHODES of the other, it will be thought well to subdivide the at present very extensive High Commissionership of South Africa, which has served to some extent as the pattern for other appointments. The duties of the official holding it now range over a distance some eight or nine hundred miles long on each of its axes, from Capetown to Zumbo, and from Walfisch Bay to Lorenzo Marques; but, with a reasonable provision of subordinates, he is probably equal to the task. But it was not till the recent appointments to the Niger, Nyassaland, and the mainland territory of the Sultan of ZANZIBAR, that the three newly-created "spheres" of English influence were equipped in any fashion for surveillance from home, and for dealing with, we need not say the enemy, but foreigners, abroad. By the new arrangement, General MATTHEWS at Zanzibar, Major MACDONALD on the Niger, and Mr. JOHNSTON at Mozambique, will each occupy the double position of HER MAJESTY'S Commissioner for his own particular sphere and of HER MAJESTY'S Consul-General accredited to the foreign power which happens to be nearest marcher. Thus Mr. JOHNSTON will be British Consul-General in Portuguese East Africa, Major MACDONALD Consul-General for the Cameroons, and General MATTHEWS Consul for German East Africa. Major MACDONALD has, perhaps, the most ticklish relations, for he will be almost more brought into contact with the French to his north and west than with the Germans to his east and south, and it will probably be found necessary to accredit him in some special way to the former as well as to the latter.

Hardly one of the officers thus appointed—certainly not Mr. JOHNSTON or Major MACDONALD—is likely to lack opportunities for the display of rather unusual faculties at once of energy and of judgment. The disadvantage of "protocolling," it has been universally recognized, is that ink strokes never can be got wholly to settle matters. The troubles in Manicaland, where the new Commissioner-Consul at Mozambique would have been very much in place, are indeed mainly due to the obstinate folly of the Portuguese in refusing to ratify the Agreement; but they might have arisen even if that agreement had been ratified. It has been confidently asserted that EMIN PASHA had before his recall by Major VON WISSMANN entertained

projects which would have made the presence of General MATTHEWS in British East Africa with Imperial powers very desirable indeed; while Dr. PETERS actually attempted very much what EMIN was accused of meditating. In the Niger district all manner of projects are on foot which require watching. But one use for the new Commissioners which will probably be found as valuable as any, will be the means which they will provide of exercising direct control not merely over the trading Companies to which the nation has committed its interests and its honour, but over individual subjects of HER MAJESTY, either in these districts or in those to which the Commissioners are accredited as consuls. Give, for instance, the Commissioner of East Africa a credit to the Congo State, as well as to Germany, and if not an infallible, yet a probable and obvious, check to such anomalies as those which have been not unreasonably exercising the souls of many good people since the EMTY Relief Expedition, will have been provided. Indeed, it is not easy to discern a better means of connecting the operations of individuals and of the Companies with the general system of home government than this system of Commissionership should afford, or, we may add, a better sphere for the energies of men of the right stamp. It has not yet been announced how the expenses are to be met, but no money in reason can be better spent than in arranging for the conversion of these millions of miles of territory into a well-arranged and fruitful field for English enterprise and the spread of English power. The chartered Companies may be called upon to make some payment in return for the Imperial concessions they have received, but a certain amount of Imperial outlay must be expected. That which was, in many cases not so wisely, spent in starting our older colonies has repaid itself a thousandfold, and there is no reason to suppose that these new investments will be in any way less remunerative. At any rate, if the territories are taken, they must be governed, and this is certainly as good a way as any to do the not immoderate amount of governing which they at present require.

GORDON AND THE GORDON HOME.

THE days draw near the anniversary of the death of GORDON. Remembering this, the Duke of CONNAUGHT, as President of the Gordon Boys' Home, has requested the clergy to devote their offertories, when possible, to the Boys' Home, and the continuation of GORDON's work, in the rescue of friendless boys and their education. Money is needed to extend the accommodation of the Home, and to raise the numbers of those who are educated there. To contribute to this is a duty which we have frequently ventured to urge on our readers. The least important merit of GORDON was his soldierly power. Great as that was, gallant as was his chivalry, he lived really for the good of his fellow-men, however it was to be attained. Of all men he was the most generous giver. He loved giving so much better than receiving, that he puzzled the Chinese Government by refusing their presents; while even the gold medal which he accepted he gave away, after cutting out his name with a knife. But he was not careless, though always a cheerful, giver. He liked to be sure that what he gave was given to the best purpose. His time, when in England, and his energy he devoted to making himself the friend and teacher of unconsidered boys, to making them more like himself. This part of his work is what the Home carries on, as the only really valuable tribute to his memory. Twenty pounds will keep a boy for a year at the Home, and will provide for his instruction in a trade. It is impossible to extend the operations of this institute too far. A few hundred boys are all that it can cope with, but the rescue of even a few from ignorance and idleness is a work better worth doing than most. The machinery is ready, is in good working order, and only needs development. It appeals to all men and women who have a pound to spare, and who want for their pound a good investment. Cheques will be received by Lieutenant-Colonel BEATY-POWNALL at the central offices of the Home in Cockspur Street.

By a lucky coincidence, Major SETON CHURCHILL's *General Gordon* has just been published (NISBET). It is a brief and clear record of GORDON's life and work, from the days of his spirited and rather noisy boyhood to the veiled day of his death in Khartoum. Major SETON CHURCHILL has not made his book a party pamphlet; his object is to show what we may call the catholicity of his hero in religion

as in everything else. GORDON was emphatically no sectarian, he was ready to communicate with all Christian people. His theology was a thing of his own fashioning, at once mystical and tolerant, yet always practical. The man who could equally win the confidence of Basutos, Chinese, boys at Gravesend, slaves in Central Africa, was at home with all men, and could be all things to all men. He hated nothing but insincerity, lack of honour, luxury, and idleness. Everywhere he found men who, like his Mahomedan secretary, BERZATI BEY, "taught me the great lesson that "in all natures and in all climes there are those who are "perfect gentlemen, and who, though they may not be "called Christians, are so in spirit and in truth." Major SETON CHURCHILL says that he "held the doctrine of the "utter depravity of human nature"; apparently he did not hold it with a vigorous consistency. His fatalism, about which so much has been said, is very well expressed by him in a letter quoted here:—"It is a delightful thing to be a "fatalist, not as that word is generally employed, but to "accept that, when things happen, and not before, God has "for some wise reason so ordained them." He was only a fatalist after the event. He has been accused of "selling "his sword," or rather, perhaps, his walking-stick. At least he did not drive an exorbitant bargain. When he first went to the Soudan in the KHEDIVE's service, "though "his predecessor had received 10,000*l.* per annum, he cut "it down to 2,000*l.*" An adventurer of the old school would have accepted the proposal of the American soldier of fortune, and would have "Sarawaked" China, or a province thereof. GORDON, on the other hand, when compelled to accept a large present, added it to the pay of his soldiers. "I am like MOSES," he says, "who "despised the riches of Egypt." Unlike men who "sell "their swords," GORDON not only rejoiced "when peace "broke out," as one of them puts it, but prevailed on the Chinese Government to come to terms with Russia. Not being a great Chinese pundit, he looked out the word "idiocy" in the dictionary, and, as the interpreter would not pronounce it, pointed it out to the bellicose Ministers of Peking. In South Africa he treated MASUPHA, the Basuto chief, "straightforwardly," and found him "as "nice a man as possible, and even kind and thoughtful." "He was the only man MASUPHA had the slightest regard "for." In the interests of the Basutos and of peace, he offered to live among them, as a magistrate, for 300*l.* a year.

We have collected these few examples, among many, of a soldier's love of peace, because it is to be feared that a truculent myth about GORDON survives among certain readers. No name comes unscathed out of a fierce political discussion. To some honest persons GORDON may still seem an inconvenient, turbulent soldier, a man of war, ever "spoiling for a fight." It is by peaceful works of kindness that the kindest, the bravest, the purest of men is to be commemorated, and we trust that, remembering this, people of all shades of political and religious faith will help to advance the work on which his heart was set.

"CAREFULLY WEIGHED."

IT is up to a certain point gratifying to be assured on reputable authority that the expressions used by a critic have been "carefully weighed"; and this, according to the statement in the *Times*, has been the case with the expressions employed in that journal by the writer of a criticism on "The Theatres in 1890." He was a bold critic, and it takes a bold editor to endorse his statements, so that apparently there is much courage in Printing House Square; but it is open to the humblest of us to consider the value of the utterance in question after the weight has been considered and adjusted. The point, however, is this—an expression may be weighed with the utmost care, and may yet be valueless at the conclusion of the process. It is not so much care that we want as competence, with a little accuracy thrown in; though, indeed, in the matter of this *Times*' criticism we are unable to recognize the care as distinctly as the *Times* seems to do. We would venture to urge, for instance, that when expressions have been "carefully weighed," it should not be necessary for us to have to feel about in the dark to find out their meaning and be forced to emerge from the obscurity in a condition of grave doubt as to whether we have found it after all. Thus our critic points out that no English piece was

produced in Paris during the last year; and this, he continues, is "a state of things which may be attributed less, perhaps, to the inferior workmanship of the English dramatist than to the restrictions imposed upon him by public opinion in his choice of themes, though it is, no doubt, possible that, if the modern French playwright found in the English drama material as suitable as his predecessors discovered in the Spanish, he might be tempted to resort to an inverse process of adaptation by imparting to the moral motives that prevail on the English stage an immoral and quasi-Gallic complexion." These expressions are "carefully weighed" we know, because a note in the *Times* says so, after no doubt the article had been "passed"; but what do they mean? Because, as it seems to us, they might mean anything, or one thing and the precise opposite of it at the same time. Are we to understand that the workmanship of the English dramatist is inferior or that it is not; and then, if the French playwright found suitable material in the English drama, why would he be tempted, not to adapt it, but "to resort to an inverse process of adaptation" according to the method described? We should have supposed that if the French dramatist found suitable material he would have kept it as much as possible in the condition in which he lighted upon it. If it is good, why invert it? Had we not been assured that these expressions were "carefully weighed" we might, perhaps, never have suspected it.

The letter to which the *Times* appended its approval of its critic's thoughtful phraseology was written by Mr. HENRY IRVING, who interpreted a sentence in the summary of work done at the theatres during the year as implying that the reception of *Ravenswood* was not a cordial one. *Ravenswood*, the manager of the Lyceum says—and in this some hundreds of visitors to the theatre on the first night of the production would bear him out, if any confirmation of his statement were necessary, as, of course, it is not—"was received by the public with an enthusiasm seldom approached at this theatre." Hereupon the Editor intervenes. It is scarcely possible that he has been acquainted with Gladstonians and conned quips and evasions with them, for the *Times* is politically sound if theatrically sloppy; but really, really, this note of his has too strong a suggestion of Hawarden about it:—"It was not said that the reception of *Ravenswood* was 'not a cordial one.' 'Not too cordial' were the words used," he writes. They were. It is true. And so Mr. IRVING is reproved by the remark that "he does not accurately reproduce expressions which were carefully weighed." "Not too cordial was the reception given to Mr. MERIVALE's version of *The Bride of Lammermoor*," the critic wrote, and, putting aside the question why he began with the negative and inverted the natural run of the sentence, we may go on to inquire precisely what is meant by a carefully weighed expression to the effect that the reception of a play is "not too cordial"! Such a field of speculation is opened as to the possible meanings of the phrase that we hesitate to enter upon it. A reception "not too cordial" differs, the Editor of the *Times* would persuade us, from "not a cordial" reception. But wherein? Is there any real difference, and how much? The reception of a worthy play worthily acted could not well be too cordial. All depends upon the precise meaning of the word "too"; we want to know what that weighs, and cannot really perceive that it weighs anything at all. Incidentally we may add that a critic in the proper exercise of his functions has nothing to do with the reception of a piece. That is the work of a reporter, not of a critic, the latter being sent to the theatre to say what he thinks of the work, not how it strikes other people. In point of fact, the "carefully weighed" expressions which strike the *Times* as so happily put do not criticize *Ravenswood* at all, but describe what, in the opinion of the writer, other members of the audience seemed to think about it—and describe this incorrectly.

But there is hope for the English stage, after all. "The palm has been carried" off by "one of the most interesting" of plays produced under a "liberal and enlightened administration," and "dealing in a fresh and instructive fashion with the Irish life of to-day." We should like to take a decently-educated playgoer who had not read the article we are discussing (we hope with all the respect that is due to it), and ask him, Which administration do you suppose the *Times* has singled out for praise as "liberal and enlightened"? He would, doubtless, begin with Mr. IRVING at the Lyceum; but he would be wrong.

SHAKESPEARE is being admirably interpreted there, and the aim of the management is invariably high; however, there may be liberality and enlightenment beyond this. Told that he must guess again, our educated and thoughtful playgoer would then, in all probability, name Mr. HARE at the Garrick and Mr. BEERBOHM TREE at the Haymarket; but this would not be the correct answer. Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER's name would occur to him; but it is not at the Avenue that the administration which the critic of the *Times* specially delights to honour is to be found. Mr. D'OYLY CARTE has produced an array of successes at the Savoy; Mrs. LANGTRY has attracted the town to the Princess's with a Shakspearian representation; Mrs. JOHN WOOD at the Court and Mr. TERRY have given us meritorious original English plays; Mrs. LANCASTER-WALLIS, at the Shaftesbury, seeks to uphold the character of the stage. But at none of the theatres named is the peculiarly "enlightened administration" to be discovered. The Messrs. GATTI are the managerial heroes of the *Times*, and *The English Rose*, which we are afraid we should have described as a sadly commonplace melodrama of the too familiar type—indeed, we fear that our description of it in these terms has already gone forth—is the work which the critic considers not only "fresh" and "interesting," but also "instructive." The Messrs. GATTI are said to make excellent ices; but it is not generally known what critical appreciation of artistic work on their part has caused the writer in the *Times*, in the course of his carefully weighed expressions, to single them out as worthy of peculiar commendation for their enlightenment. Moreover, the dramatic year of 1890 is to be memorable on another ground. A play has been produced noteworthy for the fact of "a coach and four being for the first time brought upon the stage." GOLDSMITH was a man of no invention. He actually had an opportunity of introducing a real postchaise for Mrs. HARDCASTLE and her niece, but he missed it. Sir ANTHONY ABSOLUTE also arrives in Bath on wheels, but SHERIDAN never thought of bringing on a coach, so that it has been left for the critic of the *Times*, in his carefully weighed expressions, to commend the first appearance on the stage of that fine dramatic effect, a coach and four. A story goes to the effect that when the late Mr. OXFORD once wrote a scholarly notice of a play for the *Times*, the then Editor disapproved, and said that he did not want criticism in his columns. The tradition of the paper seems to be admirably preserved.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S FIRESIDE.

"FINE weather for them as is well wropped up," said the polar bear of Mr. WELLER's apologue, "when he went out a-skating." Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT can give lessons even to the polar bear in the art of taking care of himself. Why go out of doors at all? "I shall continue," "in this seasonable weather," Sir WILLIAM writes to a correspondent who has missed him from the accustomed platforms, "to cultivate my own fireside." This is a very sensible resolution, and does not need the *apologia pro silentio suo* which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has felt it expedient to offer. His opponents who scold him for holding his tongue would, he says, scold him still more if he did not hold it. It is possible that they may think his silence golden, while his speech is only brazen. But brass is a very serviceable metal, better for some purposes than gold; and why think of his opponents only? why be so sensitive to their scoldings? Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has friends who deserve to be taken into account. But on this point we can assure him that friends and opponents are at one. They miss him, and could better spare—we will not say a better man, but Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, or even Mr. JOHN MORLEY. His seclusion in the New Forest is like the shutting up of a favourite place of entertainment. It withdraws an element of gaiety from this pantomimic season, with its rude mirth, its familiar, but ever fresh, jocosities, its antics and grimaces. The hot poker, the buttered slide, and the sausage festoons in linked circles long drawn out from the clown's pocket, are not dearer to the youthful patrons of Mr. Sheriff HARRIS than Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and his comic business to political holiday-makers. It is true there are, as we have said, Mr. JOHN MORLEY, Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN. But to refer the pleasure-seeker to these gentlemen is like giving a ticket

for the Gresham College or the Institution in Finsbury Circus to a man bent on a happy day at Rosherville.

We, therefore, regret that Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY, or Mr. SCHNADHORST, or whoever may distribute provincial business among the members of the GLADSTONE company, should have left Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT out of the programme. We admit that there is something to be said for this arrangement. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's speeches are works of art; and art, we know, is long. It may be said that they grow, and are not made, except in the last result, when the orator stands face to face with his audience. They are formed by the gradual accumulation and assimilation of materials from without—similes, witticisms, historic illustrations, and whatever forms the farrago of a speech, during a long period extending always over weeks and in some cases, it is said, over months. The irresponsible local personage who casually requests Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to come down to such and such a place and make a speech really does not know what he is doing. That is the only excuse that can be offered for him. The young lady who, in an offhand way, should request Lord TENNYSON to scribble an idyl in her album, would not err more grievously against the proprieties. It is probable that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is not making speeches now exoterically, because a speech is gradually making itself inside him. In its formative periods genius seeks retreat.

Be this as it may, the picture which the artist and subject has sent to one of his constituents at Derby, of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT cultivating his own fireside in this seasonable weather, is a very interesting and charming one. Since HORACE, from a like cosy retreat, looked out on Soracte white with snow, the labouring woods and the frozen streams, and cultivated his own fireside—*ligna super foco large reponens*—a more pleasant image has not been presented to the mind's eye. It is not solitary. Another literary man, like HORACE ready to drop into poetry at the suggestion of a patron, presents even a closer parallel to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. Mr. SILAS WEGO, seated in what he called his "chimney corner," celebrated his sacred hearth in fragments of imperfectly remembered verse, which must, we think, have been present to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's mind when he wrote his epistle to the man of Derby:—

No malice to dread, sir,
And no falsehood to fear,
But truth to delight me,
And I forget what to cheer.
Li toll all de um dee,
And something to guide,
My own fireside, sir,
My own fireside.

Mr. WEGO's verses are a good deal in the tone of those highly moral perorations which serve as the "improvement" of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's comic speeches—fervid, but a little uncertain, as if the orator were unfamiliar with the ground on which he ventures, and could not recollect with precision the sacred principles which he invokes. Their sacredness is beyond question; but what they are besides being sacred is, perhaps, better left to Mr. GLADSTONE or to Mr. JOHN MORLEY, to whose department this kind of thing more properly belongs.

In cultivating his own fireside in this seasonable weather, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, we are sorry to say, has not been quite successful in cultivating those seasonable feelings of which at this time of year so much is said. He has not even attained to that philosophic equanimity, that epicurean indifference, which forbade the heathen poet, cultivating his fireside, to trouble himself about the morrow, and bade him take the days as they came. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is terribly anxious about the future, and his perturbation shows itself in an affectation of more than human knowledge. The Unionists, he says, cherish three hopes—(1) that Mr. GLADSTONE will soon die; (2) that he will immediately retire; (3) that his colleagues and his party are about to desert him. But Mr. GLADSTONE, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT knows, is not going to die. He has been making inquiries about his health, and it was, he is happy to say, never better than it is now; and, further, Mr. GLADSTONE has no thought of retiring. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has been making inquiries doubtless about that too; for it is important that he should know and be prepared for the worst. As to his colleagues and party deserting him, they were never more keen and eager to support him than they are now. Whatever may be thought of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's authority as to the intentions of Providence and Mr. GLADSTONE, he is a good witness as to this third point. If Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is not meditating desertion, we may be certain

that no one else is. When the time for leaving Mr. GLADSTONE in the lurch comes, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT will be the first to perceive it and to act on his perception. So long as he remains a member of the Gladstonian party, no one can doubt the sincerity of his belief that the Gladstonian party is going to win. It is this conviction that makes people attach so much weight to Sir WILLIAM's sayings and doings, his speech and his silence. They know in what quarter the first indications of a faltering allegiance will show themselves. The ship is not likely to sink if Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT remains aboard.

Perhaps we are not sufficiently indulgent to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's bitter mood. The seasonable weather, like chill penury in the case of the mute inglorious MILTON of Stoke Pogis, may have repressed his noble rage, and frozen the genial current of his soul. Happily, since Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT wrote his letter to the remonstrant of Derby, there has been a spell of thaw, and his mind may have changed with the change of the weather. The speech congealed within him may have melted. When PANTAGRUEL was at sea, he came across certain frozen words, which became audible when they were thawed. It would be interesting to know whether any mysterious sounds have been heard in the New Forest, in which the words "Home Rule," "Parnellite juice," "CHAMBERLAIN," "GLADSTONE," with maledictory epithets attached, have been recognizable. And even as we write (a compliment to our prophetic instinct which shows the nicest feeling on Sir WILLIAM's part) the sounds arise.

THE ATTACK ON GREEK.

HE must have been a bold champion of Hellenism who opened his *Times* the other day and saw, unmoved, the signatures of "J. PERCIVAL" and "W. W. JACKSON" subscribed to documents of an anti-Greeking tendency. Dr. PERCIVAL is a three-decker in himself, as ex-Headmaster of, perhaps, the most successful of all schools of purely modern foundation, ex-head of a college at Oxford, and present head of the third in reputation and magnitude of the ancient public schools of England. Mr. JACKSON is actually Rector of one of the most ancient, and not long ago one of the largest, of Oxford colleges. Neither of them writes as an enemy of Greek in itself. One writes with almost unequalled knowledge of both school and University education, and both are in favour of the new theories. Are we, then, to give way? By no means. Let us see what these distinguished persons have to say, instead of merely considering their distinguished names and records; for the great principle of Toryism is that it never gives way to mere authority, and in this matter of Greek we are Tories to the backbone.

With Dr. PERCIVAL's special argument against Mr. FREEMAN we need not busy ourselves. Mr. FREEMAN is quite capable of fighting his own battles, and would hardly thank us for intercepting the glove thrown to him. The gist of Dr. PERCIVAL's letter is in the latter part of it, containing an extremely ingenious argument which we may thus state:—Modern departments have been universally admitted. If we decline to give the youth trained in them the untrammelled advantages of a University education, we are acting unfairly to them. Nay more, we are acknowledging dishonesty in ourselves; for, if this modern education is "retrograde, inferior, illiberal," we ought not to countenance it at all. This argument, we say, is very ingenious; but is it quite as remarkable for ingenuousness as for ingenuity? Is it really the truth that Dr. PERCIVAL, or any one else who fully appreciates the effect of classical training, spontaneously proposed, or even voluntarily accepted, the "modern side"? Was it not a very similar case to a certain other in which, according to the greatest of authorities, MOSES granted a certain license "because of the hardness of the hearts" of those to whom he granted it? Was it not to a fuss made from outside, to newspaper agitation, to the clamour of parents like that delightful one who has been heard of this week, and who wrote "Please do not teach my boy Latin, but let him learn the banjo," that it was due? It may be that Dr. PERCIVAL is himself clear from this imputation; but we are quite certain that the vast majority of headmasters who in the course of the last thirty or forty years have admitted modern sides are not. For our part, speaking as absolutely impartial critics, with some

tincture of either culture, we frankly declare that in our view a purely modern education is "retrograde, inferior, illiberal," that it is never really valuable except when it follows classical training, and that to encourage it independently of and in substitution for that training is a grievous mistake. It is always worth encouraging as a supplement to the other; it may sometimes be worth encouraging as a *pis aller* for the weak brother among boys, as a *placebo* for the Philistine among parents. But it is certainly not to be encouraged to the detriment of real education. So much for Dr. PERCIVAL; as for Mr. JACKSON, he is by no means so very bold. He takes the ground, natural in the head of a college whose endowments are by no means equal to its antiquity and status, that a door should be opened to a fresh class of University students; to "boys who are intended for callings" in reference to which "there are studies which are more useful than Greek." But Mr. JACKSON shall answer Mr. JACKSON. In the very same letter in which he thus talks (far, indeed, be it from us to say vainly talks); he says, "Let it be granted that the study of Greek is still 'unsurpassed as a mental exercise.'" We, for our part, require nothing more to be granted. If it be so, it is, as it seems to us, clearly not the duty of a University to do anything that may even indirectly discourage or lessen the study of that which is thus unsurpassed by the confession of its opponents, and which all its friends declare to be, as a mental exercise, unequalled. For what conceivable purpose do Universities exist, if it is not to regulate and provide, as far as in them lies, this very mental exercise? Distinction in them may accidentally be an office-key, a picklock to a place, but it never should be so essentially. Their degrees may be, but they never should be, merely passports to admit a man to the practice of lucrative professions or trades. If we once have it admitted that a particular subject is unsurpassed as mental exercise, then it is clear that Universities should cultivate that subject, to the discouragement, if necessary, of any other, or cease to claim the position which they always have claimed. And thus is CHRISTIAN past the cave of both these giants.

MORLEY TO THE RESCUE!

IT is the professed opinion of the Gladstonian press that Mr. MORLEY's speech at Newcastle has greatly relieved the tension of the political situation. One of the leading organs of that press in London has, in fact, congratulated itself and its friends on the fact that that "magnificent" oration is to be reprinted in pamphlet form, and circulated at a cheap rate among those perplexed Gladstonians, of whom there are believed to be many, who would like to know "where they are." A malicious imagination might pleasantly amuse itself with a picture of the perplexed Gladstonian trying to make out what is the difference between the kind of Home Rule which, with many words, Mr. MORLEY admits to have been, and to be still, offered to Mr. PARNELL's acceptance, and the kind of Home Rule which is rejected alike by Mr. PARNELL and his mutineers. He feels, good uneasy man, that it is of some importance to him to discover such a difference if he possibly can; because, of course, if what Mr. GLADSTONE unalterably offers is identical with what the Parnellites inflexibly reject—why, to be sure, the prospect of bearing the flag of the Anglo-Irish alliance to victory at an early date is not so good as the perplexed Gladstonian would like to see it. Let us hope that he will contrive to extract the requisite comfort and enlightenment from that magnificent speech of Mr. MORLEY's which to less partial critics has seemed to be a singularly poor and halting performance with but the one title to lenient judgment, that it was on the face of it an attempt to perform the impossible. One earnest British Home Ruler, at any rate, has failed to find this solace in it. Sir WILFRID LAWSON has received it with painful coldness, and observes that "this is a time for independent Liberals to speak out." Whether this means that Mr. MORLEY is not an independent Liberal we forbear to inquire; but, judging by the context, it is certainly intended to convey that he did not speak out. No doubt, adds Sir WILFRID considerably, Mr. MORLEY "had to be" rather reticent. This is disconcerting indulgence when you happen to be pluming yourself on your fearless candour, and all your friends are telling you that your blunt, honest, English outspokenness has redeemed the situation. But

"the door," Sir WILFRID continues, in words of indisputable, though not original, wisdom, "must be either open or shut." Mr. PARNELL must be "either abandoned by the Irish party or he must be retained. They could not have this shilly-shallying. He regretted more than he could express the way Mr. O'BRIEN was going on. He was doing all he could to destroy the confidence of the English Liberal party, and he himself was the greatest obstacle" (O Heavens! WILLIAM O'BRIEN an obstacle!) "to the successful issue of the Home Rule movement."

These be indeed bitter words, and one cannot read them without feeling that the gulf between the English and Irish brothers-in-arms in the holy war against the integrity of the Empire is yawning more and more widely every day. Who next? we ask ourselves in dismay, as the gods of the Gladstonian worship are bowled over one after another in this way by the hands of their former devotees, with no more ceremony than if they belonged to the wooden Pantheon of the skittle-alley. Who next? PARNELL is down and WILLIAM O'BRIEN; there is but one more of the really romantic heroes of the movement to fall; and one trembles for JOHN DILLON, hurrying across the Atlantic, it may be only to his downfall on reaching Europe. What adds to the tragedy of the situation is that all these idols are being broken to no purpose at all, and that the former worshippers of Mr. O'BRIEN might just as well go on worshipping him still for any cause that he has given—other, of course, than his grave impiety in negotiating with a man whom Mr. GLADSTONE has excommunicated—for abjuring their cult. They might really cease to trouble themselves about his "goings-on" at Boulogne, because even if he were to shake the dust of Parnellism from his feet at this moment, and vow eternal fidelity to Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, the difference which it would make in the political situation and in the prospects of the Gladstonians would be just nothing at all. It is not enough—not nearly enough for them—that the Healyites should sweep up Mr. O'BRIEN and JOHN DILLON into their net, and cast off Mr. PARNELL for ever. What the Gladstonians require to help them up again is not evidence of a final rupture between anti-Parnellites and Parnellites, but signs of the beginnings of some working Home Rule arrangement between the anti-Parnellites and Mr. GLADSTONE. And it is exactly signs of this kind that events so obstinately refuse to produce. It is all very well for Sir WILFRID LAWSON to exclaim that "Home Rule will go on in spite of all difficulties"; that "there is not a Radical, worthy of the name, who would not give to Ireland all the things Mr. PARNELL declared he could not get from the Liberals." That may be so; but the trouble is, that the party which Mr. GLADSTONE leads, and which he must manage to keep together in order to carry Home Rule, does not consist exclusively of "Radicals worthy of the name." It contains a certain number of Radicals unworthy of the name, and a very considerable number of axe-grinders, fence-riders, and waiters upon Providence, eminently worthy of these various names. Now these gentlemen are not at all prepared to give to Ireland all the things that Mr. PARNELL declares he cannot get from the Liberals. On the contrary, they are many, or most, of them intimately convinced that what Mr. PARNELL complains that he cannot get is exactly what the majority of their English Home Rule constituents think that he ought not to have; and that if their leader consents to give it him, he will be working disaster for himself and them at the next election. And, what is more, it is perfectly evident that their revered leader shares their apprehensions to the full. It is quite manifest that, for fear of his English supporters, he no more dares say that Mr. PARNELL's complaints of the fourfold inadequacy of his Home Rule Bill are unfounded, than he dares, in his alarm at the feeling in Ireland, produce a memorandum which would show that Mr. PARNELL's complaints have a substantial basis in fact.

It is for this reason, of course—for the reason, namely, that he has a keener sense than Sir WILFRID LAWSON of the practical needs of the situation—that Mr. MORLEY has been so studiously civil to Mr. PARNELL and Mr. O'BRIEN, and, instead of bestowing much remark upon the Boulogne negotiations, has laboured to show that, whoever leads the Irish party in Mr. PARNELL's place can and ought, and must and shall, come to an agreement with Mr. GLADSTONE as to the terms of the Home Rule settlement to be offered by the one and accepted by the other. His attempt to do this commands the respect due to all heroic enterprises, but its failure has been lamentable. It has virtually, indeed,

deprived the PARNELL-McCARTHY-GLADSTONE dispute about the circumstances attending the issue of Mr. PARNELL's Manifesto of all significance whatever. Even the least alert of that "quick-witted people"—as our quaintest Gladstonian press partisan calls the Irish about every other day, in his desperate hope of persuading them not to "behave as sich"—must perceive that it does not really matter two straws how much of the story told in Mr. PARNELL's Manifesto Mr. GLADSTONE told Mr. MCCARTHY that he could and would deny, or how much of it Mr. MCCARTHY told Mr. PARNELL and Mr. REDMOND that Mr. GLADSTONE could and would deny. The question is how much of it can he and will he deny now. Any of it? Because he has as yet denied none of it categorically and *simpliciter*; and his scribes—who originally maintained the monstrous proposition that he convincingly denied it all in his letter to the newspapers the day after the Manifesto—have completely faced about and are applauding the high-minded self-control of their leader in withholding the *ex post facto* condonation of a breach of confidence which any denial whatever would, according to their absurd contention, imply. Still they are manifestly anxious about the political consequences of this high-minded self-control, and cannot disguise their fear that Mr. GLADSTONE's reticence, noble as are its motives, is "playing the mischief" with his prospects in Ireland, and sorely trying the patience of his own Separatist "stalwarts" in England. It were much to be wished, they plainly think, that some person of authority in the Gladstonian party could, without giving Mr. PARNELL's story the undeserved compliment of a contradiction, manage somehow to convey the impression that Mr. GLADSTONE could, an if he would, contradict it—that the Home Rule scheme which he has offered, or is now willing to offer, to the Irish Nationalists is a bigger thing than Mr. PARNELL makes out—that it would give them more liberty of plundering landlords, more ability to harass and defy England, and more power for devilment in general than Mr. GLADSTONE's guest at Hawarden could by any means find in it. And the Gladstonians, therefore, have been hoping, almost against hope, that Mr. MORLEY might come to their rescue, and win for himself eternal honour by performing this extremely difficult feat. But Mr. MORLEY, alas! even he is no magician; and the net result of the magnificent speech which his newspaper *claqueurs* pretend for the moment to think has done so much to promote the reunion of the divided party has really been, as in their inmost hearts they are ruefully conscious, to satisfy every doubter that Mr. PARNELL's Hawarden story is in all its main points—Land question, Constabulary question, retention of Irish members—substantially correct. Indeed, when Mr. MORLEY's speech appeared in the next day's newspapers, the first inclination of the reader must have been to wonder what further purpose Mr. GLADSTONE can think to serve by withholding his Memorandum of the conversation with Mr. PARNELL.

STRIKES AND STRIKERS.

THE last ten days ought to have been fruitful of instruction to strike leaders if they are honest men, and of warning if they are not. In either case their followers ought to have learnt, if they are capable of being taught, that no class of workmen is strong enough to tyrannize over the community when it is resolutely resisted, and also that there is danger in the use of the methods which have become so popular with them all since the great Dock strike. In Scotland the railway men are getting the worst of it, and that in the most instructive fashion. Meanwhile the Plymouth intimidation case has confirmed what was taught some weeks ago by the fining of the Bristol Unionists. This Plymouth case is, indeed, interesting, for more reasons than one. There is a possibility that, although no appeal is to be made against the Recorder's decision, the matter may be brought before the higher Court on some future occasion. But, on the supposition that Mr. BOMPAS has been right in confirming the sentence of the Plymouth magistrates on CURRAN, MATTHEWS, and SHEPHEARD, it is certainly rather wonderful that two years should have been spent in clumsy resistance or cowardly submission to Unionist tyranny before an employer was found to make use of the effective weapon supplied him by the law of his country. Mr. TRELEAVEN's case has not differed from that

of a hundred others who have been attacked by the Unions, yet none of them have taken his very sensible course. Mr. TRELEAVEN, to judge by his name, belongs to a portion of the population of this country which has the reputation of being both prompt and pertinacious in appealing to the law, yet one would think that even a Londoner would like to see his enemy fined 20*l*. Yet no Londoner has sued a Union secretary. The explanation is too probably to be found partly in the cowardice of employers, and partly in a general lamentable ignorance of the law which seems even to extend to some classes of legal advisers. Now happily an example has been set, and if it is not followed employers will deserve the fate of those who make themselves lambs.

Some two months ago a Trade-Union at Plymouth thought fit to apply coercion to Mr. TRELEAVEN in order to compel him to employ only Union men. It took the usual course of calling off men who were discharging a coal boat for Mr. TRELEAVEN, and threatened in the common blatant style to ruin him unless he submitted. This is what has happened to many other employers, and they have either yielded or have won through as best they could. Mr. TRELEAVEN was either aware of the existence of a weapon suited to his case, or did the law of his country the justice to suppose that it had had common sense enough to provide one. He haled the Union secretaries, CURRAN, MATTHEWS, and SHEPHEARD, before the magistrates. The result has so far justified his confidence. The magistrates fined CURRAN, MATTHEWS, and SHEPHEARD 20*l*. each. On appeal the sentence has been confirmed by the Recorder. Mr. BOMPAS decided that the action of the Union was intimidation. It is competent to any man or body of men calling themselves a Union to strike for higher wages if they please. They are owners of their own arms and legs, and can put what price on them they think fit. But they must not strike in order to compel an employer to discharge any other body of men, or at least they must not say, and by their acts show, that it is their intention to ruin him if he does not obey their orders. This is intimidation, and is punishable by fine or imprisonment. Mr. BOMPAS was content in this case to inflict a fine, though, as he justly said, it is an almost illusory punishment when the offenders have a moneyed Union behind them. He took into consideration the fact that the Union secretaries were ignorant of the law, and perhaps he made some allowance for the fact that this ignorance was largely due to the amazing supineness of employers. At the same time he warned possible imitators of CURRAN and the others that on a future occasion he would be more severe. What is rather quaintly called "considerate imprisonment" in the newspaper reports of the Recorder's speech would perhaps be a more fitting form of punishment; but, as all members of a picket in a strike of this character are presumably equally offenders, the application of 20*l*. fines all round would probably serve the turn. It would soon empty the Union chest, and have this further advantage, that the punishment would fall on the real offender, and not—as it needs must when imprisonment is inflicted—on his wife and children as well, and, through their destitution, on the ratepayers. A higher Court may on some future occasion overrule Mr. BOMPAS's view; but, as no appeal is to be made, it is to be presumed that the secretaries have been informed that they had better not run the risk. In any case this is the last decision; and, if it does not lay the law down as it is, it certainly points out what the law should be. The reasonable freedom of men to strike for themselves does not include the right to strike for the purpose of damaging other men.

What is law in England in this matter is, we presume, law in Scotland also, and the need for the application of it is great. Much need not be said of the progress of the strike there, except that the Companies continue steadily to gain ground. Their inability to resume full work, up to the present—although it has been strangely interpreted to mean their possible inability to restore it at all, even by some who are not mere mouthpieces of the strikers—has not been greater than might have been expected, considering the suddenness and magnitude of the strike. It is a decidedly favourable sign that both the Lord Provost of EDINBURGH and the Committee of conciliation at Glasgow, who have negotiated for the men, have advised them to go back to work. This advice from friends should at last convince the men that they have spoilt a not altogether bad case by the violent course they adopted on the suggestion of the very agitators who are now urging them, by lies and incitements, to stand out. It is becoming clearer every day

that the bulk of the mischief has been done by these men. They have been helped, no doubt, by some members of Parliament and clerical persons on the look out for popularity. Mr. HALDANE has been busy, and that eminent Free-Kirker, Principal RAINY, has taken a hand. As for poor scatter-brained Mr. CUNINGHAME GRAHAM, nobody wishes to say any harm of him, in whom there is a sincerity of wrong-headedness and a somewhat of a not unkindly gentleman left sadly to himself which is pathetic. The M.P.'s and clerical persons have already discovered that they have made themselves ridiculous, and have, besides, been publicly kicked by Mr. JOHN BURNS. The really mischievous persons are the agitators, and it is time that there should be a total cessation of cant in talking and dealing with them. The facts concerning them are by this time sufficiently patent. They live by their devil's altar, and it is their interest to make trouble. A highly-strung, young, middle-aged, or old democrat who draws a salary for promoting strikes may mouth what phrases he pleases, but he is neither more nor less than a mercenary. These men do draw salaries and have the handling of large sums of money, of which no adequate account is ever rendered. The money is not put in their own pockets very possibly, but it is spent in deliberately promoting trade disputes by which they themselves live. The net result of their labours has been to increase the numbers of those very unemployed whom they profess to wish to help. In London, in Southampton, in Scotland, they have increased or are increasing the unemployed class. Where they have led a movement which has ended in a rise in wages, they take away with one hand what they helped to gain by the other. They levy "subscriptions," which are in fact blackmail, extorted for leave to work. To such men trade disputes are as necessary as evictions on Irish estates are to Irish members of Parliament. Neither can get on without their New Tipperaries. Both must promote the use of the violence without which they cannot succeed. The sickening dishonesty of the whole thing is flagrant, and, in face of the results of their work, it is ridiculous to talk of them as other than what they are—lying, selfish agitators. If they were really honest men, they would have been taught by the result of their work long ago. They have not been taught, and it is manifest that they mean to go on doing the mischief by which they live.

IN THE BOOTHS.

AS we had ventured to anticipate, Mr. BOOTH-CLIBBORN's seven-league letter has received a prompt and crushing reply from Mr. HUXLEY. Since the "Commissioner," unlike Cardinal MANNING, does read Mr. HUXLEY's letters, with or without patience, he may now profitably reflect on the value of straightforwardness and good faith in controversial writing. These virtues do not shine forth, as Mr. HUXLEY shows, in Mr. BOOTH-CLIBBORN's account of the history and the suppression of *The New Papacy*. Concerning this "unfortunate business," Mr. HUXLEY declares that he is not at present free to use all the information at his command. He hopes, however, that he will be able some day to publish the whole story. It is scarcely necessary to add that we share that hope. No one outside the Salvation Army could suppose, no one except Mr. BOOTH-CLIBBORN would have ventured to suggest, that Mr. HUXLEY was writing without knowledge. The correspondence on both sides shows that the essential facts of the case, on which he commented, remain undisputed and established. He is in the agreeable position of DRYDEN when he forwarded to JACOB TONSON a specimen of what he could write, with an intimation that he could do more. He knows enough, in fact; and perhaps it was a little cruel in Mr. HUXLEY to sincerely hope that Mr. "Commissioner" BOOTH-CLIBBORN, for the sake of his own credit, does not know so much. The facts of the story about *The New Papacy* are simple enough. Mr. SUMNER wrote a book in Canada under this title, and published it in April 1889. It was a damaging book, from the Salvationist point of view, as Mr. HUXLEY has shown; and, in the third week of April, the Canadian "Commissioner" took upon himself to buy and destroy the whole edition. After due examination of the book, Mr. HUXLEY wrote a letter, which appeared in the *Times*, requesting information as to the authorship and fate of *The New Papacy*. But, as does chance when gentlemen

"want to know" directly through the Salvation Army, the requisite knowledge was neither explicit nor substantial. After several weeks, it has taken the form of Mr. BOOTH-CLIBBORN's rambling and contradictory statement, which confirms Mr. HUXLEY's own knowledge by its silence on the main points of the case, and supplies fresh illustration of the Jesuitical methods of the Army. Mr. BOOTH-CLIBBORN does not deny the purchase and destruction of the whole edition of *The New Papacy* by the Canadian "Commissioner." He does not deny that the author was "greatly esteemed in Toronto," that he held a high position in the Salvation Army, or that it was considered worth while for the Army to suppress the book and pay the printer's bill. Strange is it that such a man should write an untrustworthy book on the "true inwardness" of the work he had at heart. But far stranger is it that the book should call for instant suppression at the hands of his moral and religious superiors. Though there were not matter for the law Courts, was there no milder way? Is there no expurgatorial *Index* in the *New Papacy*?

But, says Mr. BOOTH-CLIBBORN—unable to deny the high standing of the author—Mr. SUMNER suffered from a temporary lapse from respectability which he regained only when he was penitent. He wrote the book "in a hot fit"—which might imply, by the way, righteous indignation—and he offered to suppress it if the Army would pay the piper. Now this statement is utterly at variance with the facts. If there was any "hot fit" in the case, it fits with the action of the Canadian "Commissioner" in suppressing the book. The book, as Mr. HUXLEY shows, was carefully and deliberately composed, "for the most part in studiously moderate language," and contained details and figures that must have given the writer much trouble to collect. As to Mr. SUMNER's action, Mr. HUXLEY hopes one day to reveal the whole story, cause and effect. In the meanwhile it is sufficient to note that Mr. BOOTH-CLIBBORN, after asserting that Mr. SUMNER offered to suppress his own book, proceeds to insinuate that he was "bribed by a few sovereigns," and was "bought off." These "scandalous insinuations," as Mr. HUXLEY calls them, taken with the statement that Mr. SUMNER offered to suppress his book just before it appeared, certainly supply "a crucial example of Jesuitry." Once more, we repeat, it seems that, if there was any buying off in the business, it was the Army in Canada that bought off itself by its extraordinary proceedings. Mr. BOOTH-CLIBBORN gravely records the disapproval of those proceedings at "London Headquarters," upon which Mr. HUXLEY makes the caustic remark that the disapproval shows "Headquarters" to be not devoid of intelligence, and may reasonably be supposed by now to have disapproved of Mr. BOOTH-CLIBBORN. Certainly, if it were not for "the family," such bungling as his—to put the matter on the lowest ground—merits reproof. But in still worse plight is he left by Mr. HUXLEY's sifting of the "Eagle case," as misrepresented by Mr. BOOTH-CLIBBORN's letter. Was it to be thus pilloried, to be convicted on his own evidence of Jesuitical practices, that Mr. BOOTH-CLIBBORN appealed to his honest Quaker ancestors and the great, sound, truthful heart of the Salvation Army? Surely, of all the "sad cases" unchronicled in Mr. WILLIAM BOOTH's veracious volume, the case of Mr. BOOTH-CLIBBORN is not the least.

BARON HAUSSMANN.

THE death of Baron HAUSSMANN, who was certainly not the least able, and was one of the most conspicuous, of the servants of the Second Empire, has followed closely on that of the English man of letters who attacked the Empire with such calculated acrimony. Baron HAUSSMANN's best known work will always and inevitably be very diversely judged. That it was done on a big scale can be denied by nobody; but whether it ought to have been done at all, and if done, then done in that way, will continue to be matters of dispute. Those who openly or tacitly agree with the late EDMOND ABOUT's hero that old houses and tangles of picturesque old streets which have grown as they listed are "rat holes" will naturally applaud the Hausmannizing of Paris. People who hate "la sottise uniformité," and also hate to see the disappearance of whatever had a character of its own and a history, and was, in whatever way, a monument of the past, will continue to think the process an abomination. Even they, however, are

guilty of injustice if they hold Baron HAUSSMANN to be exceptionally to blame for the commonplace smartness of modern Paris. It is, indeed, ridiculous enough to say that he first made it bright and attractive to foreigners. Mr. THACKERAY'S *Sketch Book*, and a tolerably long chain of other witnesses, show that Paris had been found bright and attractive enough by foreigners for some centuries before Baron HAUSSMANN was born. But it would be no less inaccurate to deny that, if it had not been Haussmannized, it would have undergone some similar process, directed with perhaps less taste. Old Paris, whatever charms it may have had, was a city of many gutters, much bad pavement, not a few muck-heaps, and a goodly variety of smells. The time had come when this had to be amended, and it was certain to be done under Government direction, and on a nice convenient plan drawn with a ruler. The Revolution had made it pretty certain that there would be little individuality in anything done in France, by destroying all personal, or even corporate, independence. Baron HAUSSMANN was, therefore, only carrying out modern French ideas, and doing so with undoubted administrative faculty. For the rest, it seems to be beyond the resources of the builder or rebuilders of cities *not* to go to work with a ruler. Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN'S plan is in existence to prove that, if the owners and the Companies had not been too much for him, he would have Haussmannized London most effectually two centuries ago.

As a political servant of the Empire the Baron was an able Government official. He did as Prefect all those things which were denounced as atrocious when done for the Empire, and are thought highly proper when done by M. CONSTANS for the Republic. The Republicans had no cause to complain when he attached himself to the PRINCE PRESIDENT. They had dismissed him from the office he held under LOUIS PHILIPPE, and it was not to be supposed that he would feel any loyalty to a Government which had been established by a mob. Among the various parties who were "pushing their fortunes at Paris" between 1848 and 1852, he had the good sense, or good luck, to choose the right one. He was naturally rewarded by office. As Prefect at Bordeaux he showed that he knew how to make the utmost show out of popular enthusiasm. As Prefect of the Seine he did the advertising work of the Empire to perfection. It was doubtless an agreeable reflection to him that his vast building operations not only astonished the world, and made the money go briskly round, but also facilitated the movements of troops. These same building operations led to an immense amount of speculation, and it is a commonplace among the charges brought against the men of the Second Empire that they meddled in many kinds of *tripotages* for which work of this kind afforded glorious opportunities. But Baron HAUSSMANN kept his own hands clean. His notorious *comptes fantastiques* showed clearly that he was by no means scrupulous about doing irregular things with the money given him, and that he was no fanatical admirer of exact book-keeping. Still his irregularities were committed to further what he believed to be the public interest. If Baron HAUSSMANN had been willing to pose as a man with a grievance, or had cared to cast about for an excuse to join the Republicans after the fall of the Empire, he might have found it in his own dismissal from office in 1870. He was undeniably thrown over when the EMPEROR, forgetting the real nature of his power, entered on the "liberal" adventure of that year. Baron HAUSSMANN was perhaps content to remember that when the EMPEROR deserted him he also betrayed himself. He remained a steady Bonapartist to the end, and could afford to be content with having created the model of modern French towns.

THE CATASTROPHE AT WORTLEY.

THE verdict of the Coroner's jury in the case of the nine children who received fatal burns on New Year's Day is in accordance with the evidence, and goes as far as men of ordinary feeling could be expected to go. The calamity was so terrible in itself, the remorse of those responsible for it may be so keen, and the conduct of one at least among them was so heroic in the hour of danger, that even censure must have been difficult to bestow. The only object of dwelling upon such a horrible interlude in the rejoicings of the Christmas holidays is a hope that the deaths of these poor girls may be attended with some advantage, and that

the managers of such entertainments will be much more careful in the future than they have been in the past. For it is an undoubted fact that one real disaster like this, even if it be far less likely and more accidental than what happened at Wortley, will have a greater effect upon the minds of parents and guardians than a scientific demonstration, however certain and simple. From fire to water may seem a far cry. But a simple instance in the history of Etonian aquatics will point the moral as well as it can be pointed. Nothing can be plainer or surer than the liability to drowning of those who boat without knowing how to swim. Yet a victim had to be sacrificed before it occurred to the authorities of a riverside school that boys had better be taught to swim before they began to row. If a number of girls were now to appear on a stage or platform with inflammable dresses on their backs and naked lights in their hands, the conductors of the performance would be lucky to escape being lynched by the spectators. On the first night of this very year such an exhibition was witnessed in a suburb of Leeds, and no one thought anything of it until the time had gone by for thinking at all. Nor is there any reason to doubt the statement of a witness at the inquest that many such shows had been held in the neighbourhood without protest, objection, or apprehension. Reporters have degraded the word "tragedy" until one shrinks from using it at all. They apply it indiscriminately to brutal murders, to vulgar suicides, to a head broken in a tavern brawl, or an infant poisoned in fraud of a burial club. If, however, words may be rescued from degrading associations, and occasionally employed where they have a meaning, the fate of these little girls may, indeed, be called tragic. They had doubtless been looking forward during many dull and monotonous days to the little recreation prepared for them in their parish schoolroom. Dressing up and carrying tapers represented for them what balls and theatres represented for their elders. "Snow-flakes" is, it seems, a favourite entertainment in the neighbourhood. They flocked to it with light hearts. Fourteen of them left it for the hospital, and nine for the grave.

There was the usual conflict of evidence with regard to the measure and distribution of responsibility. The Coroner very properly wanted to know whether there was a committee, and who was on it. Apparently there was no committee, and nobody thought there was any cause for anxiety or even for care. The jury singled out the vicar, the curate, and one other gentleman, made them morally answerable, and censured them. It is impossible to say that the jury were wrong; and, as their verdict carries no legal consequences, it cannot be impugned. But the most charitable and also the sounder view is that everybody concerned incurred some share of blame, inasmuch as they all assumed the safety of a dangerous experiment. Of course Mr. BRAMELD and Mr. BUCKTON and Mr. WILLANS and the rest of them all knew that cotton-wool, in which the performers were draped, was inflammable, and that candles would set it on fire. Ladies in their dresses stand before blazing grates, and one in a million suffers for her imprudence. The jury had a double duty to discharge, and neglected neither part of it. Even while condemning the negligence of the two clergymen, one of whom has himself been in hospital, they praised the courage with which the same persons rushed to the rescue of the sufferers, heedless of the risk to themselves. The most practical portion of the verdict was the recommendation that the licensing authorities should resume their control over such amusements in future. Why it was ever surrendered seems hard to say. A schoolroom is not a private place. The Coroner severely remarked that when he was young and Dr. Hook was Vicar of Leeds, "the school-house was regarded with something like the sanctity attaching to the Church itself, and there were no such things then permitted as fixed stages and dramatic appliances." More strictly relevant is the fact that cotton-wool may be easily rendered incombustible, and used with absolute security under any conditions. We need hardly add that there was the invariable Act of Parliament, which would have been priceless if any one had been acquainted with it, and if the proceedings had been within its scope. In the absence of both these requirements its practical utility was of the smallest. This monument of legislative wisdom provides safeguards in the case of performers who are paid for performing. But these little actors were not paid, and therefore were not protected, but might be burnt with impunity. If, again, there had been a licence, the Factory Inspector would have been

charged with the duty of interfering. But there was no licence, and the Factory Inspector went to bed, or might have done so. It is a miserable business, but it is not likely to occur again.

SIR GORDON SPRIGG'S SUGGESTION.

IMPERIAL Federation has hitherto been one of those things of which all men speak well, but about which no man has had anything definite to say. It has been abundantly praised in the abstract; but there has been a sad want of precise statement either as to what it is or how it is to be obtained. The members of the League which was formed to forward it have themselves been most careful to abstain from either proposing anything or suggesting that anybody else should be called upon for a proposal. HER MAJESTY'S Ministers have favoured Imperial Federation always in the abstract; but, on the only occasion on which representatives of all the colonies were collected in London, it was treated as some people who now form part of HER MAJESTY'S subjects treat particularly sacred matters and names. It was made taboo, and not to be mentioned without sacrilege. To be quite frank, the name was beginning to be just a little wearisome, as suggesting well-intended, but slightly windy, eloquence, leading nowhere. Sir GORDON SPRIGG's speech of Wednesday night marked in this respect a distinct advance. He had something definite to recommend, and is well qualified to make the recommendation. As an Englishman born and a colonial politician, Sir GORDON SPRIGG has every right to speak for those who wish to draw the bonds of union yet tighter. If it is said that it is because he is an Englishman born, and does not belong to those who have by birth, first of all, a colonial patriotism, that he favours Federation, it may be answered that, unless men of his stamp are Imperial Federalists, pure colonials can hardly be expected to call themselves by the title.

Sir GORDON SPRIGG proposes that we should begin the formation of an Imperial Federation by holding a Conference, not to make, but to inquire whether we can make, a Commercial Federation. The proposal is eminently practical; for, unless some bond of interest can be found, it may be taken for granted that sentiment alone will not at a pinch restrain the colonists from the use of that right of secession which it has been the practice to recognize as possessed by them. It has the further merit that it takes the bull by the horns. The formation of a Commercial Union would be a most practical beginning; but then it is also just the step which it will be most difficult to take. If the very divergent policies of the mother-country and the colonies in commercial matters can be reconciled, Imperial Federation will be as good as effected; but the work of reconciliation will be by no means easy, and for reasons well set forth by Sir GORDON SPRIGG himself. He is, he says, a Free-trader, and is still persuaded that Free-trade is an absolute necessity for the mother-country. He is equally sure that the colonists, with the doubtful exception of New South Wales, will have none of it, and has himself come to the conclusion that they are in their circumstances right. When, then, the Commercial Conference which he wishes to see called sets to work, it will apparently have to see whether it can reconcile direct contraries. As a preliminary, it will be compelled to show either that Imperial Federation will cause Free-trade to cease to be a necessity for the mother-country, or that she must for the sake of some demonstrable good yield to the colonies, or that they must yield to her. There is no possible fourth course. You cannot compromise between Free-trade and Protection, since the very smallest degree of the second entails the sacrifice of the first. It is easy to see that the Conference would have its work cut out to its hand. What would the mother-country receive in return for agreeing to a tariff by which colonial, and of course Indian, corn and wool would be favoured as against Russian or American? The free admittance of her manufactures into the colonies is the only conceivable equivalent, and would that be granted by colonial manufacturers? We have our very serious doubts, for the mother-country is the only rival they have to deal with, and as they have themselves comparatively little to fear from the rivalry of other nations in the home market, it does not appear that they would have anything to gain by sacrificing their protective tariffs. Whether it would be wise to stir such very debatable matters as these may be a question. Perhaps it will be more prudent not to light the lamp for the

purpose of looking at our bedfellow (there is much political wisdom in ancient myth) when we are very well as we are, at bed and board. Still, if we are to attempt the formation of an Imperial Federation, Sir GORDON SPRIGG has shown how we can begin in a practical way.

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN AT NEWCASTLE.

IT is "a day of rebuke and blasphemy" for all Gladstonians, just now, as everybody knows; but no one can suffer more acutely from perceiving that "the children are come to the birth and there is no strength to bring forth" than Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN. It is true that he is in no way responsible for this untimely *accouchement*; the responsibility for that must be divided between Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL. If they had not quarrelled with each other, it is quite possible that the interesting, the too interesting, event might have been delayed for some time to come. But the quarrel has occurred, and its immediate consequence has been to compel public attention to the fact that, though the new Home Rule scheme has through untoward circumstances come to the birth, there is not political strength enough to bring it into the world. This, as we have observed, is a painful situation for the whole party, but to no member of it more so than to Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN. For Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN is in the peculiarly embarrassing position of one who long ago declared with confidence, if not that the laggard infant was already born, at any rate that he was enabled to predict its size, shape, character, and general "expectation of life." Nay, more, it was actually upon his assured information, or his infallible prescience on these matters, that he rested the justification of the most momentous and most compromising step of his whole political life—his desertion of the Unionist party, and his return to the Gladstonian fold. His contention was that he had only renounced his allegiance to his former leader because he disapproved, or distrusted, his Home Rule policy in certain of its details, and that, having received satisfactory assurances on these points, he felt it his duty to rally to Mr. GLADSTONE's side. No one, save himself, was able at the time to perceive whence these satisfactory assurances were derived, and in what oral or written declaration of Mr. GLADSTONE's they were contained; but, as Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN was satisfied with his apparently Bardolphian security, there was no more to be said. After all, it was he who was lending the money, and not we; and, if nothing had happened to supply proof positive of the fact that he did not, and could not, know what his leader's Home Rule policy was, all might have gone well. But, unfortunately for Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, something has happened, and something very damaging to the validity of the plea on which he justified his conversion. Mr. PARNELL has contumaciously rejected what he declares to be Mr. GLADSTONE's new Home Rule scheme, and has challenged Mr. GLADSTONE to disclose that scheme to the world, and to tell the Irish people, if he dares, that he will insist on those points in it which Mr. PARNELL has denounced. And Mr. GLADSTONE has not accepted the challenge, and does not dare. In other words, he will not stand by his "satisfactory assurances" to Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, at the risk of losing his Irish votes; and the value of those assurances (which were the price of Sir GEORGE's conversion) is thus unmistakably fixed. They are simply Mr. GLADSTONE's promises to retain just as many safeguards against the dangers of Home Rule as the Irish Nationalists cannot squeeze him into surrendering.

A politician who has sold his consistency and independence for the base coin of such satisfactory assurances as this is not apt to talk about the transaction more than he can help; and it is no matter for surprise, therefore, that Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN showed much reticence on the latest phases of the Irish Question in his speech of the other night at Newcastle. Except for a passing reference to the "so-called Unionist party," as "willing to forgive anything" to any Irishman if only he would do something towards "reviving the antipathy which used to exist, and which they fondly thought was beginning to be mitigated between the English and the Irish peoples," he had scarcely anything to say on the subject, and confined himself to a repetition of those obsolete and nowadays unmeaning antitheses between "the people" and "privilege," of which the bent of his politico-literary studies seems to have

especially enamoured him, and which always make his voice on these occasions sound in our ears as the voice of one reciting fragments of eighteenth-century Whig pamphlets in a dream. As regards the above-quoted sneer at Unionists, its edge is blunted, we may point out to Sir GEORGE, by a little confusion between the two not quite identical acts of rejoicing at the exposure of a sham "union of hearts" and exulting in the fact that no real union exists. It would be well if Irishmen loved Englishmen; it is bad, and to be regretted, that their feeling towards us should be—as *per* avowal of a representative Irishman, and at present a close ally of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN'S—the "unchangeable passion of hate." But, what is far the worst of all is, that Irishmen, unchangeably hating Englishmen, should pretend to love them in order to obtain from them concessions fatal to England, and that Englishmen, some of them believing and others feigning to believe the pretence, should have pledged themselves to the concessions. To any Irishman, therefore, who, with whatever motives, "does something" towards undeceiving the honest dupes and unmasking the pretenders, both of the sentiment and the belief in it, Unionists are undoubtedly ready, as all good Englishmen ought to be ready, if not to "forgive anything," at any rate to forgive much.

THE ABUSE OF LANGUAGE.

THE following paragraph appeared this week in a well-conducted newspaper—perhaps in several:—"The Worthing magistrates yesterday committed for trial a young man named SPARKES. A lady visitor, having purchased some whisky, went to a seat on the Marine Promenade to consume it. While in a state of semi-unconsciousness she was robbed of her purse and rings. The man's arrest was the result of his visit to a Brighton pawbroker."

The reporter who wrote these lines would have expressed himself less like a reporter if he had written "bought" and "drink" instead of "purchase" and "consume." But, then, he was a reporter, and his words are not actually wrong. "Semi-unconsciousness" is an expression almost foolish enough to be amusing, and we may pass that, if we are not exactly grateful for it. But "lady" is intolerable, and the time has come to make a stand against the misuse of the word which is so deplorably frequent. It begins, of course, among women who are not ladies, and the men of their acquaintance who want to be civil. "The first I see of it," said a dilapidated female, who was giving evidence in court not many years ago, "was when this 'ere lady 'was lyin' in the gutter, very drunk, fightin' with the 'other lady.' Civility is an excellent thing, but true politeness should be independent of gross misdescription. The word lady has a rather particularly definite meaning, and a meaning which it is often necessary or expedient to convey. Its conveyance is impossible if the appropriate word is commonly used to indicate women who are not ladies as often as to indicate women who are. The trick is, because of human idleness, very easy to fall into, and all persons who value accuracy of language, or—what is perhaps still more important—refinement and good manners, ought sedulously to avoid it.

Pedants may be tempted to ask what makes a woman a lady, and the answer is, birth or manners. Manners alone are very seldom enough; but they might be if, by some odd chance, they were sufficiently good. Enormous numbers of women are on the border which separates ladyhood from mere womanhood; but they do not give rise to any real difficulty. To take well-known examples, Mrs. MAYBRICK might have been called a lady—loosely and by comparison—because she could read and write fluently, lived in a house with a drawing-room and several servants, and probably knew how to behave so as not to excite criticism at a respectable dinner-party; but, for some purposes, no one would hesitate to say that she was not a lady. Mrs. PEARCEY, on the other hand, could never, with any degree of correctness, have been called a lady, any more than the person who sat swilling whisky in public on the parade at Worthing.

A not dissimilar vice to which "pressmen" are prone is the habit of ignoring that excellent word Madam. Having just enough culture to be aware that it is derived from the French language, they insist on writing Madame, when Madam is what they mean. Your "interviewer," when he

has occasion to indicate the grace and knowledge of the world with which he addressed a lady or woman while plying his honourable calling, generally does so by this hideous suggestion, that he spoke—so far—in French. Whether he says Madam or Madame, God forbid that we should know; but he is clearly of opinion that the latter is a word proper to appear in English composition, and in that, as in many of his other opinions, he is wrong. It may be urged in his excuse that his misconduct in this particular may be supported by American precedent; but this, of course, would in reality be an aggravation of his offence. The whole question of American spelling—than which the world contains nothing more entirely evil—may, it is to be feared, assume increased importance if the American Copyright Bill should be carried into effect. The wholesale importation into England of novels by popular English authors, printed by American printers, and full of "colors," "centers," and the other horrors only fit to represent the great thoughts of Mr. W. D. HOWELLS or Miss AMÉLIE RIVES, would add a new and heavy burden to life, and the mere danger of it would fully justify our Legislature in retaliating upon the Americans by altogether prohibiting the importation into England of books by British authors printed in America.

MR. GLADSTONE ON PROGRESS.

WERE it not that Mr. GLADSTONE never repeats himself, we should have been almost prepared to swear that, at a certain rent audit dinner at Hawarden not many years ago, he made a speech, in which he passed the last half-century in review, and which was even printed in the newspapers of the next morning, just as his latest Hawarden rent audit dinner speech appeared yesterday, under the heading of "Mr. GLADSTONE on Fifty Years of Progress." Nay, we have even fancied—such tricks does memory play with us—that Mr. GLADSTONE not only spoke on the subject a few years ago, but that he said almost textually the same things. Our hallucination, indeed, extends even to minute particulars. Thus, when the venerable orator said, "I well recollect a speech which I heard delivered in the dining-room at Hawarden Castle," it seems to us that we well recollect a speech, or Mr. GLADSTONE well recollects a speech which he had heard delivered under the circumstances described. In fact, at the very first appearance of the humble orator—we mean the temporally, not the spiritually, humble one—on the scene, we could hardly be restrained from crying out, "We know that miner. He comes from the dining-room at Hawarden Castle." One point, however, in this latest banquet of the tenantry of the greatest living Englishman does not awaken any phantom memories. We refer to the circumstances attending the proposal of Mr. GLADSTONE'S health. In these we are conscious of novelty; for we feel ourselves prepared to affirm either that, if Mr. JOHN ROBERTS, "the oldest tenant on the estate," proposed the glorious and immortal toast on the last occasion (but, perhaps, he was not then the oldest tenant, or perhaps the oldest tenant did not then propose it), his most commanding qualification for the office of eulogist—namely, that he is not a politician—was certainly not then so plainly given out. As judicious a selection may have been made when Mr. GLADSTONE'S health was last proposed at one of these dinners; but, if so, its judiciousness was not made manifest by any public declaration. In this instance Mr. JOHN ROBERTS'S disclaimer of any political knowledge lends special significance to his praises of Mr. GLADSTONE'S "tenderness and consideration for the well-being of his tenantry" and his "remarkable skill as a woodman," and attracts particular notice to the well-chosen words of his oldest tenant in describing him as a man "who was an example in his family, who was an example as a Christian, and who was an example as a man." But not, it will be observed, as a politician.

On the reply of Mr. GLADSTONE, with its review of "Fifty Years of Progress," we have a difficulty in commenting, by reason of our unfortunate inability to free ourselves from the feeling, not only that the illustrious reviewer has said precisely the same things before, but that we, ourselves, having at the time commented upon them, should be, in all probability, repeating precisely the same criticisms. This feeling becomes quite irresistible when we read of the "dreadful condition" in which England was at the beginning of the century, and noted the orator's sleek exultation over the fact that the material condition of the people is so

much better, in the sense of being fat and well-liking, than was that of those Englishmen who, "in fighting our battles, were so marred." We were struck on the last occasion—or so we wildly fancy—with the singular resemblance of this sort of ignoble talk to that of the soft and luxurious idler "of the second generation," with his half-pity, half-contempt, for the sturdy father whose pluck and energy and perseverance and self-denial enabled his degenerate offspring to disparage him at their ease. And we must say that the same comparison strikes us quite as forcibly now. "It is all very well to talk of the glory that this country earned in the war against France and against NAPOLEON, but that war very nearly ruined the constitution of the country and very nearly starved the people." Wheat at 20s. a bushel, potatoes "in proportion"; tea four times as dear, sugar six times as dear, clothing nearly twice as much as it is now. Yes. The comparison, indeed, is a striking one. On the one hand, the Nile and Trafalgar, the Peninsula and Waterloo, with dear bread, dear potatoes, dear tea, sugar, and clothing. On the other hand, the cheapest of cheap food and necessities, with Majuba Hill and Khartoum. Who could hesitate for a moment? It is true, indeed, that we "talk of" something more than "the glory" earned by this country in the Napoleonic wars. We talk of the preservation of its national existence. And, when Mr. GLADSTONE reflects that it was this which made him possible, the reflection ought to reconcile him to the exploits of our fathers, as it endears those exploits to his countrymen.

LANCES.

IT has become the fashion of late to term the lance the "Queen of Weapons." Montecuculi did so years ago, and probably set the fashion. Yet the admirers of other arms have not hesitated to bestow the same title on their favourites. The late Sir Charles Macgregor, for example, has placed on record his opinion that for the light cavalryman the sabre most deserves so high-sounding an appellation, and in these prosaic days even the unchivalrous revolver has been recommended as the most efficient armament of a horseman. The lance, nevertheless, has recently distanced all other arms in the favour it has met with from cavalry soldiers on the Continent, and we, as is our wont, taking the cue from abroad, have become the latest converts to the new creed. At the present moment experiments are being made as to the advantage of arming the front rank of our dragoon regiments with it. Some of our Indian cavalry are thus equipped, and the French Government a year or two back adopted a similar policy with regard to many of their regiments. Germany has just converted the whole of her cavalry into Uhlans, and Russia, with her large force of Cossacks, is particularly strong in the arm, although she encourages fire action with her cavalry to a greater extent than any other nation. What sounds like an innovation turns out, as is often the case, to be no new thing, and in this instance history is but once more repeating herself, and the nineteenth century is returning to the experiences of the past. Without going back to the days of chivalry, when the lance formed the chief pride of the rider, we find its merits amply recognized during the great wars at the commencement of the century, when the Russian Cossacks earned a reputation which still clings to them, and the Polish lancers of Napoleon's armies were amongst the most formidable cavalry of Europe.

In 1816 the experience gained in our recent wars on the Continent prompted us to imitate what we had come into collision with, and the 9th, 12th, 16th, and 23rd regiments of our Light Dragoons were converted into Lancers, the arm thus making its reappearance in our armies after an interval of 200 years. During the long peace which succeeded Waterloo others besides ourselves also recognized the value of an arm that had until recently dropped out of favour, and revived its use. Marshal Marmont has left an opinion on record that cavalry of the line would most effectively be armed with lance and sword, and has even recommended the very arrangement which we are now thinking of adopting. The Germans, too, had been silently equipping the terrible Uhlans, who in the war of 1870 became elevated to a kind of legendary hero; and at Aliwal, when the 16th Lancers broke a Sikh square, the advantages and disadvantages of the weapon were practically exemplified. As we have already hinted, the Uhlans especially filled popular imagination during the campaign of 1870, yet, oddly enough, almost the first step taken by the French Government to reform their military system after their reverses was to abolish all their regiments armed as he was. Their action was mainly due to an exaggerated estimate of the value of fire effect, and an idea, hastily taken up, that shock tactics had disappeared for ever from the battlefield. Officers were willing to throw away a weapon peculiarly valuable in a charge, and demanded a long-range carbine or rifle in its place. The moral depression which pervaded the whole army after their late disasters obscured men's judgment, and shortcomings due to want of organization and a correct appreciation of

modern tactical principles were laid at the door of weapons and equipment. It was the story of the bad workman and his tools over again. Sober reflection, however, eventually attributed results to their true causes, and a few years ago the words spoken years before by Marmont were once more taken to heart, the arrangement he had recommended was adopted, and now the front rank of twelve French Dragoon regiments is equipped with the weapon which was discarded twenty years ago. There is no doubt that that weapon exerts a very powerful moral effect, and that the length of reach which it gives is often extremely useful. To us this is of special importance, because we have to legislate for wars with fanatical Eastern races rather than with Europeans, and it is precisely in such campaigns that the value of long reach becomes most apparent. During the Afghan wars many of our foes would throw themselves on the ground out of reach of sabre cuts, and when our horsemen had swept past, rise to deliver a fatal shot from behind, or mortally wound men or horses with their razor-edged swords and knives as they galloped over them. During the recent Soudan campaign, too, the men of the 10th and 19th Hussars were glad to arm themselves with spears taken from the Arabs, for their horses would not go near enough the bush where their dusky foes had taken refuge to enable them to utilize their swords. Even in a European campaign the same difficulty would often be experienced where cavalry got in amongst the guns of a hostile battery. It is extremely difficult to get horses to go close up to guns, and the gunners crouching behind the wheels are usually perfectly secure from the attack of any swordsman. It has been objected to the lance that at close quarters it becomes useless, and that, therefore, in the *mêlée* which sometimes succeeds a charge soldiers armed with it alone would be more or less at the mercy of those who handled a sabre. With regard to this, it should be remembered that anything like a *mêlée* is usually of very short duration indeed, and that practically, when squadrons charge one another, one side or other gives way before actual collision takes place at all. The casualties which swell the returns of killed and wounded generally occur during the pursuit of beaten foes, and hand-to-hand contests and feats of skill at arms are extremely rare in the rush and tumult of the fight. The arrangement adopted by the French, however, appears admirably calculated to obviate any objections on this score, for the front rank could rely on the moral effect and length of reach of one weapon, while the rear rank would supplement its deficiencies with the other. Even enthusiastic swordsmen will admit the efficiency of points as against cuts. Considerable difference of opinion is manifested nevertheless when the question of subsidiary armament is raised. Many men consider that to equip a man with the three weapons now carried by our lancers is to ask too much from him, and that it is useless to expect a man enlisted for short service to become an adept with lance, sword, and carbine. There is much to be said for this view, and no doubt if a man were always in the saddle it would be better that he should pin his faith on one arm only. But cavalry, especially in these days of breechloaders, must be prepared to act on foot, and off his horse the lancer would find his lance about as useful as a fishing-rod. If horsemen were not supplied with a firearm, a few well-placed skirmishers might check the march of many squadrons, and therefore it is absolutely necessary that our troopers, in whatever way they may otherwise be armed, should be equipped with, and be able to handle, an accurate carbine. These considerations bring us to the weak side of the lancer. However efficient he may be when in actual conflict with the enemy, his equipment rather interferes with his free action on outpost and reconnaissance work. It would often be necessary on such duties to dismount part of a troop, and the horse-holders would not always find it convenient to hold the lances as well as the horses of their dismounted comrades. The success of the Uhlans in front of the German advance in 1870 will naturally be quoted against such a view, but it must be pointed out that, after all, the performances of these paladins have been somewhat unduly magnified, and that they only formed a portion of the advanced cavalry, which was largely composed of dragoons and hussars also. Moreover, the drill and training of men and horses was and is much more seriously attended to by the Germans than can be possible with us, and long practice had made the Uhlans scarcely feel his lance as an encumbrance. It has been well said by one of our own cavalry officers that, if it takes three years to make a dragoon, it takes four to make a lancer, and that unless he has both weapon and horse well under control, he may find his equipment more in his way than anything else. In these days of short service and attenuated establishments it may become a question whether a weapon which demands much practice from him who would efficiently wield it is the best armament for an army such as ours. Not only must a lancer understand his weapon, but his horse must understand it too. In our service something like half our cavalry would ride horses which they had never seen until they were mobilized, and that intimate connection between rider and horse, which is specially desirable for a lancer, could hardly be hoped for. Foreign armies have short service also, but the average of the raw material with them is far more intelligent than with us. The men work harder while with the colours, their squadrons during peace are far more nearly at war strength as regards horses, and their chargers at any rate are consequently more highly trained. If our troopers are to have lances it will be

well that they should have horses first. With well-broken chargers there is little doubt that our latest move is a good one, and we cannot do better than quote Jomini's opinion on the subject, arrived at at the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars:—"The armament and organization of cavalry have been the subject of many controversies, from which it would be easy to extract certain truths. The lance is the best offensive arm for a body of horse soldiers charging in line, since it reaches an enemy who cannot get at them; but it might be well to have a rear rank or reserve armed with the sabre, which is much easier to handle in the mêlée, and when the ranks are broken." Thus spoke the great military authority of the commencement of the century, and we are coming back to his ideas at its close.

THE GUELPH EXHIBITION.

(Second Notice.)

THE North Room at the New Gallery is full of statesmen and warriors, but Nelson presides at each end of it. The Catalogue is unusually brief regarding the famous "Death of Admiral Nelson" (179), which has been lent from Greenwich Hospital by the Lords of the Admiralty. This large and effective piece of Rembrandtism, familiar to most people through reproductions of Bromley's engraving, was the masterpiece of Arthur William Devis, a painter who narrowly escaped distinction. He had been a good deal at sea, and understood maritime life. When the *Victory* came back to England, Devis very promptly made arrangements to meet her, was successful in getting on board before any other artist, and took studies of the cockpit, cross-examined the sailors, and made portraits of the officers in the actual positions they had maintained during the death-scene. His picture, which is good in arrangement and chiaroscuro, is therefore as nearly an exact representation of the scene itself as it was humanly possible to construct. At the opposite end of the gallery hangs Hoppner's "Nelson" (134), and over it Rigaud's (133), the latter painted in 1781. Nelson wrote, "Tell Mr. Rigaud to add beauty to it; it will be much needed." It has not the artistic beauty, at all events, of Hoppner's very admirable work.

One of the earliest of Hogarth's undoubted works in oil is "The Trial of the Governor of the Fleet" (127), better known as "The Committee of the House of Commons examining Bamberbridge"—a curious, but unattractive and awkward, study of character. This picture was one of the treasures of Horace Walpole. Here are two examples of Pieter Van Dyk, who survived to paint Coleridge and Southey. These are portraits of "William Penn" (101) and "Lady Juliana," his wife (121), each standing very stiffly in the middle of a large empty room. The textures of their rich clothing are very well painted; Van Dyk was employed painting draperies by Sir Joshua. But the attitudes are naïveté itself. The North Room contains a large number of Reynolds in a fine state of preservation, and still more that have suffered severely from the passage of time. The rough sketch of Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire (93), possibly a study for the group of 1776, is of the most ravishing freshness. Her large black hat is set rakishly aslant, and looks like a college cap on an undergraduate who has been too merry. The attitudes of "Maria, Countess Waldegrave, and her daughter the Princess Sophia" (96), have all the distinguished elegance of Reynolds; but the colour of the flesh is deplorable, its carnations have faded to the hue of a tallow candle. It is surely by an error that two Reynolds of remarkable quality, the "Admiral Keppel" (98), and a "John Lee" (97), both of 1786, are hung so high; but in such a crowd of good things we cannot expect everything to be on the line. Underneath these portraits hangs the sincere and pleasing face of "Admiral Boscawen" (100), and a head of "The Hon. John Leveson Gower" (102), which is very fine indeed, painted with a Dutch strength of modelling; the full colour of this latter is in excellent preservation. This wall, indeed, shines with great canvases by Sir Joshua.

The Gainsboroughs are scarcely so fine. The large "Countess of Chesterfield" (99) is a phantom in a fine blue dress. It does not equal the "Anne Luttrell" (111), lent by the Queen from Buckingham Palace. One of the finest portraits in the room is, however, the young "George Canning" (110) of Gainsborough, lady-like, with long dark brown hair and lustrous eyes, painted just after Canning left Eton. No painter's name is given in the catalogue to the superb full-length of "William Pitt" (105), which is lent by Lord Crawford, but we believe it is by Romney. Pitt is represented as a handsome boy of not more than sixteen. Romney did not return from Italy till late in the summer of 1775, and it must therefore have been among the first pictures he painted after settling into his house in Cavendish Square. It presents us with a sentimental and somewhat supercilious lad, lounging at full length, elegantly dressed in a scarlet coat and white waistcoat and breeches, in a landscape the foreground of which is merely sketched in roughly. Close to this beautiful work hangs Opie's head of Burke, painted in 1792; the face of this seems to have been recently and rather rashly restored.

We come back to Reynolds in a courtly and somewhat perfunctory "Lord Bute" (108), stalking in an Italian landscape, and much over-dressed. The admirable head of this figure redeems a not very satisfactory portrait. Here is the coarse, impudent face

of "Henry, Tenth Earl of Pembroke" (132); and here, faded in flesh, but still very charming, his long-suffering Countess (137) and their son. This Lady Pembroke lived to be nearly a hundred, and must have been one of the last of Reynolds's sitters to survive—certainly the last who had sat to him in youth. This is the Lady Pembroke whom Walpole described as "alone at the head of the Countesses, the picture of majestic modesty." Less of majesty than of sweetness is visible in this figure, where she embraces, with a fond gesture, her intelligent little son. Captain Bligh is the "Bogie Man" of the British navy. It is very difficult to recognise the tyrant of the *Bounty* and of New South Wales in the apple-faced and cherry-lipped young dandy of Reynolds's picture (136). There seems to be an idea that Reynolds painted Bligh in July, 1787; but if so, this cannot be that picture, for the Captain was then fifty-three years of age, besides the little circumstance that at that particular time he was adrift in an open boat somewhere between Tahiti and Pitcairn Island. Many men of the sea are here, more illustrious than Bligh. "Admiral Hardy" (138), by Romney, lent, like the "Death of Nelson," from Greenwich Hospital; "Vice-Admiral Hood" (139), by Hoppner; "Lord Collingwood" (142), by Howard; and Nathaniel Dance's well-known picture of "Captain Cook" (180), brandishing a chart of the world, sententious, in his naval uniform. There is something amazingly quaint in Hogarth's group of the "Children of the Third Duke of Devonshire" (140) playing in their dreary garden at Chiswick. A curious example of eighteenth-century sentiment is Reynolds's pseudo-classical full-length of "The Hon. Mrs. Peter Beckford" (159), as "Hygieia," in yellow robes, offering up a libation in a gimcrack temple. Reynolds's conscientious treatment of the extremely modern head contrasts amusingly with the vapid and Erasmus Darwin-like arrangement of the composition.

We do not recollect that three portraits of Eva Maria Violette, Mrs. Garrick, have ever until now been seen in the same collection. In the South Room we now see the "Garrick and his Wife" (252), about which painter and model quarrelled, and across which Hogarth dashed his brush in a paroxysm of temper. In the Balcony we have a "Garrick" (296) and a "Mrs. Garrick" (296A) which are worthy of all attention. These are pastels by that delicate draughtswoman, Katherine Read, who deserved a better poet than Hayley to celebrate "the soft pencil of the graceful Read." The "Mrs. Garrick" is called "when young," but it seems to be the portrait of a woman of forty-five, with a smile of extraordinary charm and *malice*, and hair that is either white or heavily powdered. Until we know the pedigree of 308, we shall hesitate to attribute it to Hogarth; it may possibly be the face and figure of Mrs. Garrick as a girl, but we doubt it. No feature recalls any part of the accredited portraits of Eva Violette. While we are speaking of Hogarth, we may refer to "The Midnight Modern Conversation" (310), lent by Mrs. Morrison. This is doubtless one of the many copies made of Hogarth's famous picture of 1734. It is rough enough to be the signboard to a public-house, and is really not worthy of a place at the New Gallery. Nor can No. 304 represent the Sixth Earl of Coventry and his Wife, and yet be attributed, as the Catalogue attributes it, to Hogarth. The Earl is certainly not less than forty years of age, which brings us to a date twenty years later than that at which Hogarth was still producing *gauche* "conversation-pieces" of this kind, in which the figures do not contrive to bear any relation the one to the other. It is much more likely to be by Wale or Hudson. If the Earls of Coventry have preserved their family accounts, it might be possible to find who it was who, about 1765, was commissioned to paint such a picture as this.

At the end of the Balcony hangs a large and undoubted Hudson, the full-length of "Boyce" (295), the musical composer, holding the score of his *Solomon* in his hand, painted in a pleasant harmony of grey tones. There are some more literary heads, an "Addison" (300) which seems to have a pedigree, but is most disappointing and even incredible with its small eyes and commonplace features; this contrasts absurdly with a fine "Kirke White" (301), by Hoppner, alert, refined, spiritual. Here the very small man seems inspired and the very great man a mere dolt. Romney's "Edward Gibbon" (303), lent by Balliol College, gives a much more pleasant impression of the historian than does the engraved portrait. Zoffany is a character-painter, whose eminent merits are too little recognized. Three large examples of his theatre-work, placed side by side, ought to do him credit with a forgetful generation. They are modest in colour, but very admirable and firm in drawing (315-317). The figure of Hayes as "Sir Jacob Jollup," in the first of these, is worthy of great promise, and Garrick as "Abel Druggar" in the second is one of the best records we possess of the aspect of the great comedian on the stage. It is rather curious that in painting Foote as "The President" Zoffany should have missed a detail that was recognized as a main feature of the performance, the stiff application of the eyeglass to the eye. In the picture this important accessory hangs by a thread of gold against Foote's waistcoat.

A curious group of "Edward and Mary Wortley Montagu" (323) in complete Turkish costume, is attributed to Joseph Highmore. Lord Wharnclyffe lends Romney's superb great portrait of their son, "Edward Wortley Montagu" (343), a masterpiece of force and colour. In red dress with green sleeves, white turban and scimitar, to all which flashing eyes and a long black beard add a most piratical air, he makes ready to plunge into a battle that glares across the background. The hour of Hoppner has surely come. At each of these loan exhibitions he seems to take more prominent a position than at the last. His "Duchess of Rutland"

(338), lent by Lord Carlisle, is as fresh as the day that it was painted, in all its eloquent flush and glow of colour. It is curious to turn from it to Reynolds's ghost of a "Mrs. Fitzherbert" (333), a laughing minx's face set in a sort of haystack of wild pale hair. We may close by drawing attention to the Earl of Warwick's "Mrs. Siddons" (354), with mask and dagger, singularly lurid in colour and melodramatic in action for a Sir Joshua Reynolds.

MR. NOAKES ON "COLD STEEL."

IN the December and January numbers of the *Gymnasium*, the organ of the "Y.M.C.A." and the "N.P.R.S.," Mr. Noakes of the Aldershot Gymnasium, styling himself Chief Instructor to the British Army, writes on "Swords, and how to use them." The earlier portion of the article certainly left the impression that a long and important treatise was to ensue; but this impression, it appears, was erroneous. As it is, the most prominent feature of the production is an ill-tempered attack in a somewhat objectionable tone upon Captain Alfred Hutton's theory of fence as elucidated in *Cold Steel*. As a matter of course, when a man puts his theory into print, and submits it to the public at large, he thereby tacitly invites criticism; but he has a right to expect that that criticism shall be made only after his work has been fairly well looked into, and it is on account of the singular style of criticism adopted in the present instance that we notice the matter. Mr. Noakes would appear to have bestowed only a cursory glance on the plates of *Cold Steel* before he wrote as follows:—"I presume the author has some practical knowledge of the subject, though why he should try and stick seventeen guards down the throat of the would-be swordsman I can't imagine. Surely he must know that anything over five and six must be rubbish. Some of the guards he shows in his book are useless as such—positively worse than useless. Their security as guards is extremely doubtful, and means of a return or a riposte there is none. One he calls 'sixte' is an excellent guard to forget. A child could break it down, as it stands to common-sense the hand is weak in supination and trying to guard with the back of the sword. Another one he calls 'high octave' would be first rate if your opponent would tell you where he was going to cut, and wait until you had the guard formed, and then cut very gently." He goes on to ridicule the idea of this system being derived from the Italians, who, he declares, "have seven guards, and not seventeen, as Captain Hutton says." Setting aside the discourteous tone of these remarks, we may point out that they are very sweeping and extremely inaccurate. *Cold Steel* was not addressed to the would-be swordsman at all, but to those who were already "so far proficient in the lessons of the foil as to understand the correct positions of the guard and the lunge, as also the parries used in foil-fencing"; in other words, to those already familiar with thirteen out of the seventeen guards in question. As to sixte and high octave, if Mr. Noakes will refer to pp. 7 and 36 of Captain Hutton's work, he will there find remarks which greatly limit the application of these two parries, the last-named of them being stated to be "the only possible parry for the return over the sword at the right cheek." This Mr. Noakes does not deny, but leaves us to infer that he prefers to offer no parry at all rather than one which might under certain circumstances be forced. With a light drawing cut either sixte or octave is quite sufficiently powerful, while it is doubtful if high octave could ever be forced when properly formed, the hilt and the first six inches of the blade being opposed to the cut. Moreover, with a light sabre, high octave can be formed with all the ease and swiftness desirable, however "slow" it may be with a heavy weapon. Finally, none of these parries need be opposed to a hard cutter, who would not use cut two over the sword (essentially a drawing cut), and who could be met with tierce and seconde from the "medium" engage—a method of parrying endorsed by the critic himself, who, by the way, abandons the old military numbers in favour of names for two of his guards, with the comical effect of having two "thirds" and two "fourths"! Nowhere does Captain Hutton assert that the Italians have seventeen guards. On page 2 he names the many varied sources from which his system was derived. High tierce, high quarte, horizontal quarte, and high octave are the only parries ascribed to the Italians, the remainder being the well-known French small-sword parries. Were this same style of criticism to be applied to Mr. Noakes's article, his seeming confusion between schlaeger and broadsword play, his apparent conviction that there are no other works on Italian systems of fence than "Colonel Vere Wright's translations of Signor F. Masiello's book *Broadsword*," and his attempt to reform the spelling of tierce (for he must know better than to write "teirce" without some such motive), would afford grounds for some very sweeping charges; but, as it is, we are content to differ from him on many points, and to know that, according to Mr. Noakes himself, the system taught in the military gymnasias is faulty, and has the happy effect of making the winning of a competition mainly a matter of luck!

MONEY MATTERS.

ON Thursday of last week the Directors of the Bank of England lowered their rate of discount from 5 per cent. to 4 per cent. The same day the Austro-Hungarian Bank reduced its rate from 5½ per cent. to 4½ per cent.; and on Monday the

Imperial Bank of Germany put down its rate from 5½ per cent. to 4 per cent. In New York, too, the Associated Banks during the past two or three weeks have greatly increased their resources. A little while ago their reserves were under the minimum required by law. On Saturday last they exceeded that minimum by considerably more than 2½ millions sterling. At all the great banking centres, then, on the Continent, here, and in the United States, money has become plentiful and cheap; and bill-brokers and discount-houses argue that it must grow cheaper still. During the first three months of every year there is a large return of coin and notes from the circulation to the reserve banks both in Europe and in America; and this naturally tends to greater ease in the money market. During the past few months special efforts were made to increase the reserves of all the banks, because of the crisis which was so general. Here in London, moreover, bill-brokers and discount-houses are of opinion that the undertaking of the Bank of England to pay Messrs. Baring Brothers' acceptances as they fall due will counteract the effect of the exceptionally large revenue collections for the next two months. Usually, from the end of January to the middle of March, the revenue receipts largely exceed the payments out of the Exchequer. Consequently loanable capital is transferred from the open market to the Bank of England, and rates tend to rise. But this year it is argued that the money paid in on account of the Government will have to be paid out again to meet Messrs. Barings' acceptances, and that thus there will not be the usual advance in rates. Hence the joint-stock and private banks and the bill-brokers and discount-houses are competing actively for business. At the Stock Exchange Settlement this week, for example, loans were made at 3½ per cent., and even lower. And the rate of discount in the open market has fallen to 2 per cent. It is evident that the recent crisis has somewhat checked trade at home and abroad, and it has immensely contracted speculation. This naturally tends to decrease the demand for loanable capital, and consequently to reduce the value of money. Still, we are afraid that the banks and the discount-houses will be disappointed, as they have been so often during the past few years, and that money will not be as cheap as they expect.

On the 10th of next month, the loan of three millions sterling made by the Bank of France to the Bank of England will fall due, and presumably will be paid. For it is hardly likely that the Bank of England will go on paying interest on money which cannot be employed profitably. Further, the Russian Government can, if it pleases, take 1½ million sterling which was paid for Treasury bills to the Bank of England. The financial policy of the Russian Government is always difficult to understand. Possibly it may not take the gold, for it is about to convert another portion of its debt. And it may wish, therefore, to keep the London market very easy. On the other hand, last year's harvest was very deficient, and the Finance Minister has warned the public that there is in consequence sure to be a falling-off in the receipts of revenue. He may, therefore, need the money. But if 4½ millions sterling are withdrawn from the Bank of England, that cannot fail to make a great impression upon the market. For the moment the return of coin from circulation will keep the Bank's reserve sufficiently high. But it is to be recollected that coin will begin to go out again at the end of April or the beginning of May. And, further, there is already springing up a foreign demand for gold. The metal is being shipped to Holland and Brazil. It is likely to go to Spain and Germany. And there always are small demands. But any accident may cause a considerable one—a revolution in South America, a revival of apprehension in the United States, or a renewal of mining activity in South Africa. While it is to be recollected that, though the Imperial Bank of Germany has reduced its rate to 4 per cent., its stock of gold is unsatisfactorily small. Over and above all this we must never lose sight of the fact that there is widespread discredit at home and abroad, and that, while this lasts, the money market is liable to be disturbed at any moment. Firms that during the recent crisis were helped over their difficulties through fear of the consequences of serious failures may be compelled to declare their embarrassments, or new difficulties may be brought to light by untoward political events, by the increasing gravity of the crisis in the River Plate countries, or by the falling off in trade. Lastly, the Silver Bill now before the United States Congress may suddenly revive the alarm that was so keenly felt a little while ago. There is no doubt that for some time past gold has been hoarded in America. If the Bill passes the hoarding will increase. It is even possible that the capitalist classes in the Eastern States may be so much alarmed that gold may disappear all at once from circulation. These classes are declaring themselves against the Bill much more strongly than they did against the Act that was passed last Session. If their protests are disregarded, and an extreme measure is carried, they may be so affected that the money market may be disturbed. And the serious disturbance of the New York money market would react upon every money market in Europe. Seeing that there are so many doubtful influences at work, it appears to us unwise of the joint-stock and private banks, and the bill-brokers and discount-houses, to carry their competition so far as they are doing at present.

The price of silver advanced slowly up to Thursday, as the probability increased of Congress passing the Silver Bill, it being thought that the House of Representatives will approve

what the Senate does, and that the President will not veto a measure passed by both Houses. Consequently the price rose to 48½d. per ounce. If this expectation is fulfilled, there will probably be an immediate wild speculation in silver and silver securities; but before very long there is sure to be serious trouble in the United States. Already it is notorious that gold is being hoarded there, and is also being sent to this country, and kept on deposit here. If either free coinage or greatly increased purchases of silver are approved by Congress, it is inevitable that the hoarding must become more general. That can hardly fail to create widespread alarm, and to bring about a crisis even worse than that of a couple of months ago. On Thursday, indeed, the price of silver fell in New York, on the passage of a Free Coinage Bill through the Senate.

At the Fortnightly Settlement on the Stock Exchange, which began on Monday, borrowers obtained all they wanted at 3½ per cent., sometimes even 3¼ per cent.—that is, considerably under Bank-rate. And the carrying-over rates within the Stock Exchange were very light, while they declined as the day advanced. It was made evident, indeed, that the accounts open for the rise are exceptionally small, and as bankers have more money than they can employ profitably, they are very eager to accommodate the Stock Exchange just now on easy terms. As we point out above, money is also growing easier upon the Continent and in the United States, and consequently there is a greater tendency to speculate for the rise than there has been since the summer. Speculators would do well to remember, however, that the money market is by no means as easy as it appears, that the shock to credit is not yet recovered from, and that the Silver Bill, as we point out above, may cause serious trouble in the United States before long. Even though speculation has been increasing there has been some uneasiness on account of difficulties of various kinds. One of the great railway contractors engaged in railway construction in the Argentine Republic has had to make a statement of his affairs. His embarrassments arise out of the fact that he can neither sell nor pledge the bonds which he has consented to take in payment for his contracts. It is feared that other contractors may be in a similar position. There have been rumours, too, of troubles in the timber trade, and embarrassments in other directions are talked of. Nevertheless, the feeling on the Stock Exchange is unquestionably more hopeful than it has been since Midsummer, and prices in almost all departments, except the home railway, have risen.

The colonial department is influenced by the resumption of borrowing by the colonies. On Saturday morning a new Three and a Half per Cent. Cape of Good Hope Loan for a little over 1,100,000*l.* was brought out. On the same day a Melbourne Tramway Trust Loan for 130,000*l.*, guaranteed by the city of Melbourne and by suburban municipalities, was introduced to the market. Almost immediately we are to have a Victorian loan for 3 millions, bearing interest at 3½ per cent. There is likewise to be a Canadian loan, a Quebec loan, and a Montreal loan. Doubtless there will be others. The international department has been very steady, although there has been a good deal of selling in Paris to realize profits by subscribers to the new loan. The loan has been as great a success as was expected, having been covered 16½ times. And the market is being prepared for several new operations. The Russian Government is about to convert another portion of its debt. Negotiations are immediately to be begun for converting the Turkish loans secured on the Egyptian tribute. The Domain loan has to be converted, and Italy, Spain, and Portugal are always in need of money. It is thought that the London market is now sufficiently recovered from the Baring catastrophe to allow of the Egyptian conversions being taken in hand, and there has been a good deal of speculation both in Egyptian and in Turkish bonds. At one time there was some fear of railway strikes in this country, and the market gave way somewhat. The dividends so far declared, too, are disappointing, three out of four being at a lower rate than twelve months ago. At the settlement on Monday some of the stocks were so scarce that a rate had to be paid for postponing delivery, and on nearly all stocks the carrying-over rates were very light. On one day there was a very heavy fall in Brighton "A," on rumours of a disappointing dividend. The dividend, however, is fairly good, 8 per cent. against 8½ at this time last year. It is to be recollected that the month of December last was exceedingly unfavourable. The railway dividends so far issued confirm the anticipation that working expenses during the past half-year had been heavy. There is a falling-off, as just stated, of ¼ per cent. in the dividend on Brighton "A," and there is a falling-off of as much as ½ per cent. in the Sheffield dividend, only 4½ per cent. against 5½ at this time last year, while in the Tilbury dividend there is a decrease of 2. In the new half-year the working expenses will not be less, while there is only too much ground for fearing a falling-off in the receipts. Shipbuilding will now greatly diminish, and it is to be presumed that before very long there will be a considerable slackening in the iron trade. The greatest activity this week has been, as already said, in American railroad securities, and next in South African gold shares. There appears to be a reviving interest in the latter market. It is, however, a market for rich people, who have means of correctly informing themselves regarding the prospects of the mines in which they may interest themselves, and who are able to face considerable risks. Gold-mining is too precarious an industry for the ordinary investor to dabble with.

Owing to the increased ease in the money market, the investments of bankers at a loss how to employ their balances, and the expected large Sinking-fund purchases, Consols rose as much as 1¼ during the week ended Thursday night, closing that evening at 97½. Four and a Half per Cent. Rupee-paper closed at 83½—a rise for the week of 1. There has been a large speculation in this stock during the week, in the expectation of the passing of the Silver Bill by Congress, and it is said that the most active speculators are American. In Home Railway stocks there have been several fluctuations. Great Northern "A" closed on Thursday evening at 82—a fall of 2 for the week. Brighton "A" has given way also 2, closing at 159½, the dividend being considered rather unsatisfactory, and also there having been very large sales by some of those who had been previously engaged in the speculation for the rise. Assuming that the dividend of 8 per cent. is maintained in the future, the stock at the present price would yield 5 per cent. But investors will do well to remember that the stock has long been treated as a speculative counter, and that the management is not quite what it ought to be. Sheffield "A," closing at 36½, is up 1 for the week, and Metropolitan Consolidated Stock, closing at 80, rose as much as 2½, the dividend being considered very satisfactory. London and South-Western fell 2 for the week, to 159, and North British 1, to 51½. The greatest activity, however, during the week has been in American railroad securities, and in them the movements have been widest. They have been almost uniformly in an upward direction, except in Philadelphia and Reading Income Bonds, the First Incomes having fallen, for the week, as much as 3½ on the non-payment of the interest by the new Board, which was brought into office less than a year ago because Mr. Corbin had not paid the interest on those bonds. Investors should recollect, however, that Income Bonds are really not bonds at all. They depend for their interest upon the earnings of each particular year, and, therefore, are only preference shares. Consequently, they are not a fit investment for those who look to the interest on their money for the means of living comfortably. Still less are American railroad shares proper purchases for the ordinary investor, with very few exceptions. There are, of course, a few such exceptions where the roads are well managed; but, speaking generally, American railroad shares ought to be left severely alone by investors. Speculators have been buying them very freely this week, and on Thursday evening, compared with the previous Thursday, there was a rise of 2½ in Atchison shares, of 2½ in Canadian Pacifics, 3½ in Milwaukee shares, 1½ in Erie, 4 in Northern Pacific Preferred, 2 in Louisville and Nashville, 3½ in Illinois Central, and 1 in Pennsylvania shares. Pennsylvania and Illinois Central stand in a different category from the others, but all the rest named should be avoided by investors. They are the sport of directors, who care nothing for the interest of shareholders, and their value is entirely speculative. South African gold shares have further risen during the week, City and Suburban ½, to 48, Crown Reef ½, to 5, Geldenhuis ½, to 14. But gold shares ought to be touched only by men who can afford to lock up their money or even to risk it altogether. The ordinary investor may be reminded that gold-mining is one of the most risky of all industries.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

THE success of *Antony and Cleopatra* has vanquished even the cold and the fogs, and notwithstanding the terrible state of the weather during the last few weeks, the Princess's Theatre has been well attended. As a mere spectacle this Shakspearian revival is very fine, though archaeologists might object that *Cleopatra*, being a Greek, and Greek influence paramount in the Egyptian government, language, theology, and art during the whole duration of the Ptolemaic dynasty, the introduction of so much that is archaically Egyptian is not quite as accurate as it is picturesque and effective. The general public, however, is not likely to examine details so closely, and for theatrical purposes the *Cleopatra* of Mr. Lewis Wingfield is excellent. If there were only a little more Shakspeare and a little less ballet and procession, even scholars would have little to find fault with in the production. The acting is excellent throughout. In many scenes Mrs. Langtry is surprisingly good. She is always interesting, even fascinating, and her comedy is charming. In several passages she acts with much dignity and power. The scenes with the slavish Messenger, who brings her first good and then bad news, are capital, and have won deserved popularity; but, taking it for all in all, Mrs. Langtry's best performance is her death scene, which she invests with a due sense of its majestic solemnity. She speaks her lines very clearly, and with proper pathos, and passes to the land of shadows assuming a pose of striking grandeur. Mr. Coghlan's Antony is sturdy and energetic, as it should be.

The last performance of *Beau Austin* at the Haymarket took place on Saturday before a large audience. We have nothing to detract from our previous notice of this clever sketch. The main motive of the play, if so it can be called, is disagreeably antagonistic to English taste; but the dialogue throughout is good enough to correct the defects of its scant dramatic interest. The part of Dorothy Foster, originally created by Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, whom a regrettable illness has confined to her house, has

been played recently by Miss Blanche Horlock with much tact and simplicity. She is an actress from whom we have a right to expect much in the near future. The popular *Ballad-Monger*, too, was given on this occasion, amid much applause, won and shared by Mr. Tree, Mr. Fernandez, and Miss Neilson, a delightful Lois, who sings as well as she acts and looks, and that is saying a great deal. Much praise is due to her rendering of Miss Maude Valérie White's charming setting of Mr. W. H. Pollock's well-known "The Devout Lover."

A correspondent writes to us, with reference to our last article, complaining, and with justice, that the ballet should be relegated to the music-halls. Is this not rather the fault of the operatic composers of the day, who usually include a ballet in the scheme of their scenario, and no longer consider it an art à part? It is impossible for the action of an opera to be suspended beyond a certain limit to make room for an elaborate ballet. Therefore the great art of dancing of the *haute école* is losing the distinguished position it once held. In the good old times to which we recently referred the ballet was a most important feature in an evening's entertainment, which consisted of the comparatively short operas by Rossini and his contemporaries. But Wagner, or rather his imitators, have changed all this, and the space allotted to the ballet now is in one or, at most, two scenes, in which it is introduced, perhaps appropriately enough, but as a mere accessory.

It is pleasant to learn from our correspondent, who is "a man of knowing," that Mlle. Beretta, who danced with Taglioni and Fanny Ellsler, is now *maitresse de ballet* at the Scala, and training disciples of Terpsichore in the paths they ought to tread. She is the teacher of Mlles. La Giuri and Limido, who are winning golden laurels in Italy and Vienna. The ballet at the Empire is *Cécile*, not *Silvie*, as was erroneously printed last week. Herein, by the way, is to be seen a great dancer of the good old school, La Sozo, who has much power and grace of motion, and who understands perfectly what our forbears so greatly appreciated—*la danse aristocratique*; and there is nothing, after all, so expressive of high breeding as graceful and stately dancing. It would be worth going any distance to see Mlle. Sozo dance the "Minuet de la Cour."

Miss Vera Beringer took leave of the stage this week for some years, in order to finish her studies. *Holly Tree Inn* was the piece in which this clever young girl bade her numerous friends "not adieu but au revoir." Although she acted charmingly, truth must be said, she has quite outgrown children's parts, and looked too tall by more than the height of a chopine. Little Miss Minnie Terry was simply delightful as the runaway bride of seven.

Saturday, January 24, is the date fixed for the production of Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera, *Ivanhoe*, at the Royal English Opera House, which will be solemnly opened on this occasion.

THE WEATHER.

WE have had another week of calm weather, a high barometer, and hardly a breath of wind until the very last day. The frost lasted over the centre and south-east of England until Monday, and even on Wednesday evening, with northerly winds, and the barometer almost up to 31 inches in Ireland, we were not nearly out of the wood yet. On Thursday the 8th, we had another attempt of the Atlantic air to force its way in, and the thermometers in Ireland rose rapidly, with heavy rain on the west coast. These conditions entirely disappeared by the next morning, and on Saturday Londoners woke up to find the barometer risen half an inch; the thermometer reading 15° in London and at Dungeness, and a return of our old friend the fog. On Saturday night the thermometer went down even as low as 7°, twenty-five degrees below the freezing point, at Cambridge. This wave of high barometer readings apparently came in from the westward, but it was most strongly accentuated over the south-east of England, where also, as has just been said, the frost was most intense. On Sunday, when we in London were in dense fog, the Atlantic depression had returned to our shores, and this time made its advance on the west coast of Scotland. In front of it the temperature rose very quickly—as much as 21° at Aberdeen—and by 6 o'clock in the evening the thermometer actually rose to above 50° in the extreme north of Scotland. This warm weather extended southwards to England and France during the day, while the depression which had produced it passed away over the Shetlands, bringing with it nearly an inch of rain at Sumburgh Head. The region of highest barometer readings moved back westwards over our southern counties, and finally, on Tuesday, established itself over the west of Ireland, where the barometer attained the very unusual height of over 30.9 inches. The actual conditions on Wednesday were that an important depression had come down from the Arctic Regions over the Gulf of Bothnia, under the influence of which strong northerly winds had set in along our east coast. The temperature was slightly above the freezing point at most stations, and the thaw was very decidedly checked. In fact, we cannot hope for mild weather, with "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky," until the barometer on the west coast of Ireland has fallen more than an inch from its present level.

EXHIBITIONS.

AT Messrs. Dowdeswell & Dowdeswell's Galleries, 160 New Bond Street, W., is now on view a collection of interesting pictures and silver points, made by a single hand during a caravan-journey from the North to the South of France. Whether through design or carelessness, the catalogue gives no indication whatever of the name of the artist, but we discover his initials to be C. P. S. The silver points, which are mostly portraits of country people, and especially of children, are very charming, giving as they do much of the self-consciousness and awkwardness of rustic youth, as well as of its grace and merriment. From a technical point of view these refined drawings in silver point err a little from monotony of touch, the cross-hatching used to express shadow being too uniform, so that a depth within a shade is seldom obtained, and the drawings look almost faded, so lightly are they put in. The three smiling "Scavengers" (6) form a delightful group. The brunettes in Nos. 23 and 24, with their heads tied in kerchiefs, are beautiful women, while the pleased expressions of the two "Village Coquettes" (in 39) is very amusing.

Of the oil-colours, framed rustically in gilt twigs, while all are good, it is difficult to select any for special mention. The three most pleasing, perhaps, are those called "A Shepherdess" (83), "A Lounge in the Hay" (91), and "Springtime" (95). In the first a peasant woman wearing a bright blue apron drives across the green field a small flock of sheep, while beyond all these shines out the brightest of blue skies; the colour in this painting is intense. In "Springtime" two rosy children, the sunshine pouring down upon their happy faces, are laughing to one another among the yellow flowers of the meadow, as they tumble about in their glee. "A Water Carrier" (102), a girl walking through an olive grove in the Riviera, and holding in her hand a great green crock, is charming. The tiny canvas, "Ploughing the Vineyard in the South of France" (87), where the fresh earth is of the shade known, we believe, amongst milliners as "old-rose," with a white horse patiently toiling along, is delicate in colour. The two sprites, girl and boy, in "How much have you got?" (107), and "A Young Joker" (99), are fascinating young creatures. In the former is a plump little maid, her front hair tied up in a tuft with a red ribbon on the top of her head; in the second, a chubby lad (his name, no doubt, Augustus), who can scarcely contain his laughter, as he leans against the stucco wall, on which he has drawn in sprawling outline an animated likeness of one of his intimate friends. The charm of these paintings resides in their delicate handling, their careful finish, and the amount of life and sunshine suggested within a very small area.

At 10 Gleebe Studios, Chelsea, Mr. P. Wilson Steer, who is a prominent member of the English Society of Impressionists, has an exhibition of "a group of pictures," consisting of prominent specimens of his work for several years past. Several of these have been seen before, and at least one, "The Tidal Pool," has received moderate commendation in these columns. Mr. Steer has talent, and—though he looks at Nature not with his own eyes, but through the spectacles of an eccentric clique—he possesses the power of recording what his friends think it proper that he should see. It is not possible to tell what a hand so ill-trained, and yet, apparently, so pleased with itself, may learn to produce. Mr. Steer is certainly an artist in feeling; and, if he contrive to master his affectations before they master him, he may yet give us good work. We shall be among those who will welcome it most warmly.

At Messrs. Tooth's Galleries is a collection of drawings by Mr. W. S. Coleman, which offers no surprises to those who are acquainted with his art tendencies. They are various in subject and treated in divers ways. The designs for decorative panels and tiles seem to us to show Mr. Coleman at his best. His facile pencil and easy imagination have always been a little apt to hurry this artist into rather crude designs and slovenly execution. The full lines of the plump, naked children, and the undiluted tones of the colours, appear more attractive when framed in the wooden panelling of a fireplace than when seen in the gilt frame and under the top-light of a picture gallery. It may be added that the free use of pastel in these pieces does not add charm to them.

Of Mr. Coleman's water-colour landscapes of the home counties, many are effective in treatment and delicate in colour. They represent chiefly snug cottages muffled up in bines and briars, or flowery meads stretching up hillsides to meet hawthorn hedges, behind which shine the blue skies of spring-time. In some instances the contours seem to stand out with brightness, as in "Purfleet, Essex" (19), and "Near Whitechurch, Hants" (48); but in other examples the colours remain in a lower and more harmonious key, as in "The Old Garden Seat" (17), which shows a faded blue bench ensconced in a bank of evergreens and surrounded by beds of flowers, with an affected black cat dozing away a bored forenoon; and "The Gardener's Daughter" (25), which represents a flight of steps struggling to hold their own against a perfect wilderness of weeds and seedling flowers, while a demure little girl endeavours to retain her hold of a wild young kitten which is longing to see more of the world beyond. In many of these drawings the colours are well kept in balance, and, though slight, the compositions are often effective.

WOODBARROW FARM.

MR. JEROME'S farcical melodrama, *Woodbarrow Farm*, with which Mr. Thorne has opened the Vaudeville, has an air of immaturity and juvenility about it which the charitable may think partly excuses its crudeness. It is the work of a smart writer who has been to the theatre and noted what he saw, has read inferior novels and not forgotten the plots, and has dished up the result of his recollections in the shape—something, that is to say, in the shape—of a play. One very surprising circumstance in connexion with *Woodbarrow Farm* has been the subject of newspaper paragraphs, and this is the fact that Mr. John Hare had bought the right of performing it at the Garrick Theatre. It would have been amazing, indeed, to see such a composition as *Woodbarrow Farm* set in the frame that had lately held so delicate and artistically finished a picture as *A Pair of Spectacles*. The Vaudeville Theatre undoubtedly suggests a different form of entertainment. One does not expect there the refinement and cultivated taste which are naturally looked for at such a house as the Garrick; but both theatres have doubtless their patrons who prefer their own establishment. *Woodbarrow Farm* has also succeeded in New York—an item of knowledge which does not surprise us, as the piece may be likened to a dramatic "variety" entertainment, containing scraps of melodrama, play, comedy, farce, and burlesque; and it is understood that this sort of thing is popular in the States.

The idea on which the plot is based has been utilized by dramatists of all ages since, and indeed before Christopher Sly begged that he might not be called Honour nor Lordship. A rustic is promoted from the pigsty to chambers in St. James's Mansions, with a comic servant in attendance to teach him how to be a gentleman; for he is supposed to have come into a large fortune. Why should an Exmoor farmer who has inherited money come to London and live by himself in chambers with a comic valet to give him lessons in deportment? There are no reasons except stogy ones—it occurred to Mr. Jerome that the bucolic uncouthness of the countryman might be grotesquely treated, and he apparently did not know that by introducing this farce he weakened the main interest—such as there is—of the story. Mr. Allen Rollitt is represented as possessing some of the attributes of a hero, and a spectator cannot entertain feelings of sympathy for a fatuous youth who has just been submitting to the absurd tyranny of a buffoon valet. The language of Rollitt is as inconsistent as are his proceedings. At one moment he is talking like a boor, the next is rhapsodizing about love, "the young apple trees in May time," and indulging in all sorts of poetic similes. Mr. Bernard Gould, who plays the part of Rollitt, and plays it with great tact and discretion, is so intelligent that he must surely perceive the absurdity of this sort of thing, and we cannot pretend to speak with respect of a piece so disjointed and inconsistent.

Mr. Thorne's range of capacity is not at all strained by the requirements of Piffin, Rollitt's servant. Piffin is borrowed from *High Life Below Stars*, and from a thousand other plays; indeed a comic servant in a piece by a conventional writer is invariably of this type, long as it is since Sheridan showed the possibility of new developments. It is not often that Mr. Thorne is fitted with a part of which he is completely master; but here he makes what can be made of this farcical episode—the result of which is to render Rollitt ridiculous and upset the balance of the play. Miss Vane appears as an adventuress, who spoils the heir. Her efforts are overstrained and her contrasts over-emphasized. It takes her so long to leave a room after a sentimental scene that the impression which would have been created had she left it sooner is destroyed; nor would such an astute woman as Clara Dexter have smoked and conducted herself with an exaggeration of a fast style in a room adjoining that from which the man she was trying to entrap might enter at any moment. Miss Ella Bannister, who essays the part of Rollitt's rustic cousin, plays in a manner which no doubt further experience will better. Some sadly childish episodes, quite in keeping with the general line of the play, follow the arrival of visitors from Woodbarrow Farm to London—a quasi-aristocratic admirer of Deborah is made to go out shopping and carry a basket, a scene of the feeblest farce; but Miss Emily Thorne plays the old countrywoman, Allen Rollitt's mother, with an ability which throws the weakness of her niece into stronger relief. At times a suspicion is not unlikely to strike the spectator that Mr. Jerome had a sly design of burlesquing melodrama in *Woodbarrow Farm*; but, on the whole, the suggestion is not borne out.

MME. CELINE MONTALAND.

WITHIN six months death has deprived the Comédie Française of two of its leading actresses—Jeanne Samary and Céline Montaland. They differed greatly in their age, their talents, and their methods. They were very different—Samary was almost at the outset of her career all vivacity and impulse; Montaland had reached a certain age, and her years and her figure compelled her to confine herself to more sober parts. But each, in her own way, filled a definite position, for which it will be not easy to find a successor. Mme. Montaland had been on the stage from very early childhood; in fact, she is said to have made her début at the Français when hardly more than five years old. After the usual course of instruction—young ladies

in Paris do not go on to the stage *faute de mieux* as they do in London—she turned her attention to the Palais Royal, where she soon became a great favourite. We recollect her there, a pretty girl, admirably suited to the parts, in eccentric comedy or farce, that she was called upon to fill on that mirth-provoking stage, with a slim person, a round face, and a merry laugh. In many ways she was not unlike Samary, only more refined. But the "slow, sad years that bring us all things ill," brought to Mme. Montaland a rotundity of person that rendered her, little by little, unfit for the characters she had impersonated so successfully. In fact, to put it plainly, she grew stout—exceedingly stout. Then came a period when she could get no engagements, and those who recollected her in the days of her success began to fear that the stage had lost sight of her for ever. But, in a fortunate moment for her and for the public, the director of the Odéon remembered her existence, and engaged her to play the mother in a version of M. Daudet's *Jack*, produced, if our memory is exact, in 1880. The whole performance was at a very high level of excellence, but the honours of the evening were unquestionably for Mme. Montaland. We can recall, as if it were yesterday, the hard voice, the chilling demeanour, with which she repelled her impulsive son—the complete realization, in fact, of Daudet's conception of an unnatural mother. This was probably the most thoroughly original part she ever played; and it created all the more sensation because it was so wholly unexpected that she who had been known as an actress of light comedy—where success had been due to natural gifts quite as much as to genius—should have developed, almost at a bound, into a serious artist who seemed capable of almost anything.

Mme. Montaland did not quite fulfil the high hopes she had raised. When she returned to the Comédie Française some six years ago, after the retirement of Mme. Madeleine Brohan, she did not again make her mark by any conspicuous success. Indeed it must be admitted that, in the revival of *Le Duc Job* last autumn, her performance contrasted unfavourably with our recollections of Mme. Nathalie, who played the mother in the original cast. She was dignified, but she lacked tenderness. On the other hand, in *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie* she presented a copy of Mme. Brohan's famous impersonation of the Duchess so extraordinarily exact that it was difficult to realize that it was a copy. She was, no doubt, best in comic parts, or in parts where comedy preponderated. Snatches of tenderness she could render exceedingly well; but a character whose leading idea was tenderness was out of her line. She could not present it naturally. She was so thoroughly mistress of her art that she could not fail ignominiously, but she was not versatile enough to grasp parts of opposite characteristics—as M. Delaunay could do, or as M. Coquelin does. But she had an excellent manner, a beautiful voice, and perfect diction; and she rendered good service to the Comédie by impersonating middle-aged ladies in a way which, if not of the highest order of dramatic excellence, was exceedingly clever, and agreeable to witness.

SIR WILLIAM'S FIRESIDE.

(With Apologies to the Shade of Hood.)

"I shall in this seasonable weather continue to cultivate my own fireside.

"Yours sincerely,
"W. V. HARCOURT."

OUT on a world of snow and sleet
Lapped in supreme content I gaze,
My comfy slippers on my feet,
My toasting toes before the blaze.
And they would have me take my hat
And plunge into the London fog!—
What do you think of that, my cat?
What do you think of that, my dog?

Gl-dst-ne, they cry, will shortly die,
Gl-dst-ne, they shout, will soon retire,
From Gl-dst-ne's side his followers fly—
'Tis all to lure me from the fire.
And on the strength of stuff like that
I am to quit my glowing log!—
What do you think of that, my cat?
What do you think of that, my dog?

The simpletons! our hearts are set
On keeping him, nor will he go;
And that he will not die just yet
I happen, don't you see? to know.
Tight sitting as he's always sat,
He for retirement all agog!—
What do you think of that, my cat?
What do you think of that, my dog?

Besides, canine and feline friends,
Let's ask ourselves before we budge,
For what particular party ends
Are we from stump to stump to trudge.
To play the game J-hn M-r-l-y's at?
The country round with him to jog?—
What do you think of that, my cat?
What do you think of that, my dog?

Good Heav'n! desert my pleasant hearth,
And—they must take me for a fool—
Endeavour, of all things, on earth,
To bolster up collapsed Home Rule!
Resuscitate that smothered brat!
That dearest of dead horses flog!—
What do you think of that, my cat?
What do you think of that, my dog?

No, not for me! To sit and trace
Black-etched upon a sky of steel
The leafless oaks of Malwood Chase
Is much to be preferred, I feel.
Need we assist the floundering Pat
Out of his deep Parnellian bog?—
What do you think of that, my cat?
What do you think of that, my dog?

Moreover there are reasons fit
Why I, O my companions true!
At my "ain fireside" thus should sit,
And keep an eye on one of you.
I shall not know if I should rat,
Or go the entire Hibernian hog;
Until I see you jump, my cat,
Or hear of it from you, my dog.

REVIEWS.

OXFORD LECTURES, AND OTHER DISCOURSES.*

THERE is a wild civility about the contents of this volume of Sir Frederick Pollock's which is very engaging. The majority of them—or, to speak quite by the card, the largest number devoted to a single subject or group of subjects—busy themselves, as the works of a Professor of Jurisprudence should, with law, or the fringes and precincts of law. But with a catholicity which would have delighted his learned brother, Paulus Pleydell, advocate, and would have induced him to admit that Sir Frederick may call himself not a hodman but an architect, Essay or Discourse Seven is a dialogue on Religious Equality; Eight a tractate on Home Rule; Nine on Education and Examination; Ten on Law Libraries; Eleven on the Library of the Alpine Club; while Twelve busies itself with the form and history of the Sword. Even of the six which are purely or mainly legal, that on Sir Henry Maine deals more with the man and his general attitude and work than with the lawyer.

'Tis thus a pleasing olio; and, even for those who cannot take an equal, or nearly equal, interest in all its components (which we think ourselves to be the better part and more excellent way), there should be attraction in more or fewer of them. On two chapters—the excellent discourse on Home Rule as it affects, and is likely to affect, Imperial sovereignty, and that on Education and Examination—we commented, if our memory plays us not tricks, somewhat fully at the times of their original appearances. We are more with Sir Frederick on the one point than the other, though we are with him to a great extent on both. Perhaps he lets examination too lightly off for its great crime—the crime of being, in fact, little more than a sop to democratic ignorance and jealousy. That the first apostles of competition did honestly believe that they had found an infallible touchstone of merit is, perhaps, true enough; that some of them did so is certain. But no competent and experienced human being (save one or two who have simply made up their bundle of prejudices, and decline to untie it at any price) now holds that view; and, whatever may be the reasons alleged in some cases, the real reason at the back of all is the cowardly cry, "How else face the constituent, the editor, the letter-writer to the papers, the Parliamentary questioner?" Now nothing is or can be good which rests on cowardice.

The purely legal essays—"The Methods of Jurisprudence," English opportunities in that very practical science, "The King's Peace" (perhaps the most interesting of all), "Oxford Law Studies," "The English Manor"—are, it is to be remembered, all "public lectures," a phrase locally equivalent, or very nearly equivalent, to exoteric. They are *conciones*, not at all *ad clerum*, not exactly to the heathen, but to a sort of mixed public of faithful and unfaithful, of experts and laymen. Sir Frederick is merciful to the layman, on the whole; but once, we think, he lets that layman in, as here:—

Legal ideas have as clear a generic stamp of their own as mathematical or physical ideas; and in law, no less than in physics, the terms of commonest use have a widely different import for the trained and for the untrained mind. A man of what is called good general education will talk of Obligation or Possession as he will talk of Energy or Mass, thinking he knows what he means, but in truth having only a vague shadow of a meaning. The physicist will tell him in one case, the lawyer in the other, that he is using words which it has taken generations of strenuous thought and discussion to bring to their full and clear significance. In either case he may put us off, if he chooses, with ridicule the last refuge of obstinate ignorance in its lighter moods, as the will of Providence is in its serious ones.

* *Oxford Lectures, and Other Discourses.* By Sir F. Pollock, Bart. London: Macmillan & Co.

But suppose the man of general education, not descending to those reprehensible methods of ridicule, but still pleasantly, says:—"Venerated Professor, are you quite sure that, in the cases in question and others, the generations of thought and discussion have not, instead of bringing your words to their full and clear significance, rather been occupied in narrowing them down in a manner quite legitimate, and probably most useful for special purposes, but in no sense obligatory on those who choose to accept them in their wider quiddity?" Sir Frederick is cunning of stroke in both senses of *ferio*, so perhaps he may have an answer even here. Nowhere else have we found a gap in his armour, though we have prodded it in many places with a friendly *misericorde*. These lectures are really excellent examples of specialism which popularizes without vulgarizing, and explains while it does not patronize. Nor have we, with one little exception (wherein, as it happens, we think he is right), that of the "mark-mote," observed any instance of that irritating habit of dragging in pet notions which besets our specialists so strongly nowadays, even when they are in their mildest moods, and a little layman-child may lead them through the flowery meads of public discourses. "The King's Peace" and "The English Manor," indeed, illustrate to an unusually full extent the encomiums which their author passes on the manner of Sir Henry Maine, and we feel rather inclined to hope, agreeable as this miscellany is, that Sir Frederick may some day take them out of it, add ten or a dozen others of the same kind, and publish them as a volume of "Legal Essays on English History," or something of that kind. It would be one of the most valuable, or rather one of the most invaluable, companions to the study of history that could be imagined, especially if it included articles on the legal aspect of the great historical statutes. For we know no one who has handled, or is likely to handle, such matters with the combined advantages which Sir Frederick possesses, in the first place, of the legal, political, and historical knowledge which is absolutely, and in the second, of the literary and miscellaneous information which is all but absolutely, necessary. A historian's law is not commonly impeccable, and a lawyer's politics consist too commonly in selecting a party when his practice is good enough to justify his entering Parliament, and (though this not invariably) sticking to it when he has done so.

The dialogue of Religious Equality, which is written, as may be imagined, from anything but a high Anglican standpoint, contains a remarkably ingenious and Socratic exposure of the common Liberationist claptrap. Perhaps some who merely gibe at Lord Selborne when he proves the fact may be staggered by Sir Frederick when he asks, anent national property, "When a Mercian or West Saxon prince endowed the See of Worcester or of Winchester was this nation of England, then only in the making, giving its goods to itself? or did the private benefactors of a minister or a cathedral foundation deem that they were giving to the State?"

The library articles—one more serious in tone as well as in subject than the other—are agreeable; but of this class, the essay on the Sword, which is also considerably the longest paper in the book, is the most interesting of all. The man who does not take an interest in weapons is a worm, and no man. How peaceful soever his lot may be, and however little he may be physically able to wield Durandal or Tizona, he must remember that it is his to fight and to counsel, and delight (as all healthy boys do delight) in the best of all fighting tools. Sir Frederick traces the implement from its leaf shape to the very latest duelling sword or cavalry sabre, and gives many agreeable particulars of most of its kinds and their use. He only glances at the form of the weapon which has always been the greatest puzzle to ourselves, the double-handed sword. How did you draw that appalling engine anywhere except in the privacy of a large room, with several obsequious squires to hold the scabbard for you? What sort of play could you make with it? and, above all, how could you recover it in time if you made a regular "swipe" at the foe and missed? But, in fact, the double-handed sword was at best a "sport." Of the handier varieties of the weapon Sir Frederick has much to say, and he might with advantage follow up the paper with another on the dagger. Despite a kind of opprobrium which has rested on that weapon, because of its adaptation to treachery, it may be questioned whether it has not, in one or other of its almost innumerable forms, been the fighting weapon of a larger part of the human race than the sword proper, while of late years some have advocated its substitution, in combination with the lance, for the sword itself, in that branch of military service which at present uses the white arm most, the cavalry. Your battle-axe, too, with Mace, his blunter brother, and your spear, a thing as noble as the sword, or nearly so, these invite treatment. But if we go on outlining new volumes for Sir Frederick there will be no end of it. Therefore let us once more congratulate him on this, and so shut the runlets.

A NOVEL AND A NOUVELLE.*

IT is a real pleasure to welcome a new novelist who shows both promise and performance. It is now some time since Mr. Egerton Castle made mark as a writer by his classic on the *Ars*

* *Consequences.* A Novel. By Egerton Castle. 3 vols. London: Bentley. 1891.

That *Fiddler Fellow.* By Horace G. Hutchinson. London: Edward Arnold. 1891.

Dimicatoria, called *Schools and Masters of Fence*; and that he was not lacking in some of the equipment needed to deal with fiction had been shown in a few short stories that have appeared in magazines. But from neither of these proofs would it have been safe to conclude offhand that Mr. Castle would succeed with a novel. That he has attained success, and that very considerable, will, we think, be admitted by all readers who take up a book which starts with one merit, important enough to all books, but perhaps especially so to a first attempt in novel-writing—namely, that it is eminently readable. Faults naturally it has, and the origin of some of them is not difficult to trace or imagine. Mr. Castle's natural bent, we should say, is for brevity, an excellent thing in writers—if only the circulating library box had not to be filled with three-volume novels. This fact, however, it would seem that the author has kept before him; and, as may well happen with a writer unpractised in "padding," one result is that here and there occur passages which the experienced novel-skipper's eye will detect at once. Therefore they will give him no trouble, and so, from one point of view, there is little harm done. Another thing typical of a first work is that Mr. Castle has been singularly lavish with his material. His interests are evidently both wide and curious, and he has touched all of them that he has brought in with a most attractive freshness and vigour. There are very many interesting experiences and observations of life and manners, both in beaten and in out-of-the-way roads, found throughout the pages of *Consequences*, so many that, if the book has diffuse passages, it is on the whole packed full of matter. This, from our point of view, is not to be considered a fault; far from it. But there is no doubt that a writer well versed in three-volume novel practice could have made two or three such novels out of the materials which Mr. Castle has handled, and in many instances handled as firmly and dexterously as some of his favourite "Masters of Fence" handled rapier and dagger. But this, let us repeat, is not a fault from our point of view, but rather a matter for his consideration if he follows up *Consequences* with another novel of the same or of approximate length. What may more justly be considered a fault is, that with all the abundance of subjects that Mr. Castle has put before us, he sometimes lingers too lovingly on particular things in which it is clear that he himself takes the keenest interest, but which may fail to interest more than a comparatively small proportion of his readers. This applies to certain aspects of psychology on which he dwells. It may be replied, no doubt, that there is plenty of incident and adventure, as well as plenty of research and reflection, brought in with a light touch and without a suspicion of pedantry, to counterbalance whatever may appeal only to the few. After all, too, so long as a man does not write tiresomely, he certainly has a right to air in his pages any pet theories in which there is no offence; and Mr. Castle is assuredly not tiresome, allowance being made for the few pages of the book which, as has been said, the practised "skipper" will skip. What is really much more important is, that the work is distinguished by *verve*, by close and wide observation of the ways and cities of many men, by touches of a reflection which is neither shallow nor charged with the trappings and suits of weightiness, and that in many ways, not least in the striking ending, it is decidedly original.

It opens with a description of the "repentance at leisure" of George Kerr, ex-officer of a Highland regiment, who, when staying in Seville after the Crimean War, fell in with and married "Doña Carmen Maria Concepcion, only daughter of Don Atanasio de Ayala y Quevedo"—between whose family and his own there was a romantic tie of friendship. Some novel-readers may be annoyed that Mr. Castle has *à la* Gaboriau inverted the order of his first two chapters, putting the account of how the marriage came about after the story of "How George Kerr repented at leisure." But that's not much, as there is only one chapter of explanation, and then we go straight on again. One result of the repentance—which, with a woman like Carmen and a man of Kerr's character, who quite fails to understand hers, was inevitable—is that he, by an ingenious if foolhardy device, which is characteristic of him, appears to commit suicide, and starts life afresh in America under the name of David Fergus. There he becomes a brilliant leader in the Confederate army, and thence he returns, "an American of aristocratic, unmistakably Southern, even Hispanicized type," to the home in the old country which he has allowed to pass from his ownership to others. Meanwhile he has discovered that his wife died in giving birth to a son, now a distinguished young soldier, and of his feelings after the discovery it is well said by the author that "man, who can rule an empire, has little power to control the small realm of his own brain; he may lead an army of thousands, but he is impotent to quell absolutely a single persistent idea. . . . For days he fought with the obsession," and finally it prevailed to send him home. Here, of course, begins the main psychological interest of the book, which springs naturally out of the meeting and constant comradeship between the father and the son, who does not suspect that father's existence. We make the son's acquaintance in "the abode of a scholar and dragon" (where there is a pretty touch of description due to the author's knowledge of both British and foreign heraldry), and a very good and pleasant fellow we find him. From this point, too, begins a series of stirring adventures, which follow each other naturally and easily, and are a fit sequel to George Kerr's, or Colonel Fergus's, adventurous disappearance. We have a challenge at Heidelberg which young Lewis Kerr feels bound to accept for his regiment's honour, and which is

fought not on the quaint floor of the Hirsch Gasse—for Kerr will have none of your *Schlägerei*—but with sabres in the Angels' Meadow, and a very exciting duel it is. Before it we hear words of wisdom on German sabre-play, and on the Manchette especially, from the lips of the fat skilful old master whom many readers may remember at the Fecht Schule. One piece of his advice is worth printing for its out-of-the-way common sense, if one may use such a phrase:—"Keep your hand warm before coming on the ground; a thick glove, for instance, will keep your wrist supple—such details have decided the fate of many an encounter." The duel itself, the details of which we will not reveal, is ended by an unlucky countertime. When we get back to England we find the Kerrs, father and son, having to contend as best they can with the villainous tricks of Charles Hillyard, their relation, a very well-drawn and gentlemanlike rascal. Other complications, and remarkable ones, there are, which last through the third volume, but these readers may discover for themselves. There is no want of incident here, and the relations between the father and the son, up to the time of the son's learning the secret, are very well kept up. After that time of course the end comes soon. We have hinted that this end is in its nature daring, and yet, as it seems to us, perfectly true to nature—indeed the only way out. Let us conclude, *con la bocca dolce*, with a word of praise for Mr. Castle's unforced and by no means ineffective style.

The author of *Consequences* touches once in his story on mesmerism in a way which shows that he has both interest in and knowledge of it. Mr. Horace Hutchinson's one-volume story is of mesmerism all compact and very ingeniously compact. The mesmerism, however, belongs to a past generation, when people had not begun to call it hypnotism and to play dangerous tricks with it in the name of scientific inquiry. In Mr. Hutchinson's story it is extremely "black magic" by means of which the "fiddler fellow," using also some more commonplace tricks, brings about a tragic series of events. He is the only person in the book—the scene of which is laid in past time at St. Andrew's—who knows anything about mesmerism, and he says—but there is no reason for believing anything that such a scoundrel says—that he learnt its secrets in or from the East, where—still on his authority—they know much more about it than we do. In what way he exercises his power would be difficult to indicate without giving a clue to the story of the book, which depends mainly on story, though it is not wanting in clever characterization. Mr. Hutchinson has made a curious mistake, we think, in backing up his more improbable incidents by footnotes of extract from recent writers on mesmerism or hypnotism. This is a disfiguring and distracting trick; it calls one's attention to "the wires," and it is not wanted. In dealing with such a matter, so long as the writer avoids incidents which at once strike an expert as absolutely impossible, any reasonable license may be allowed. The impossible, in a matter connected with mesmerism, was reached in a comparatively recent novel by a brilliant writer, and its being so reached was a cause of sorrow to those who "knew the ropes"; but Mr. Hutchinson does not present us with any mechanical impossibilities, and might therefore have left his story to tell itself. It is, for the most part, weird, but it is relieved by a pleasant touch of golf. The author has set himself an exceedingly difficult task in the narration of some startling events by an old man sick unto death, who yet reproduces, not only the words, but even the tricks of speech, of the people concerned. On the other hand, he has found a striking and mysterious sequel to the old man's story.

THE DUC DE ROHAN.*

AMONG the great Frenchmen of a very remarkable age—the age of Henri IV. and Louis XIII.—there are few more noteworthy than Henri de Rohan. There was something in the ardent, visionary, heroic temperament of this fighting Abdiel of a lost cause that befitted the descendant of legendary knights, and of twilight kings of Brittany. The historic legend "*Roi ne puis, duc ne daigne, Rohan suis*" (which the author of the book before us spoils by inserting the pronoun) exercised a life-long influence over him, though, in accepting a dukedom in 1603, he was unfaithful to the letter of it. His military virtues were derived from a line of fighting forefathers, and he was the true son of René de Rohan, the hero of the celebrated defence of Lusignan. There was one recollection that would always dwell in Henri's memory. He would not forget that, in his thirteenth year—his father having died a fugitive at Rochelle, and his mother and himself being in Poitou—their Breton château of Blain was seized by a Leaguer captain, who, being sore beset there, put fire to the buildings, and at last surrendered in the clock-tower, whereupon the infuriated besiegers pillaged the place and gave the gatekeeper to the flames, because of the prisoners he had held in durance. Henri de Rohan was nursed in the stormy times of the League, and, by immediate descent, could scarcely have been other than an inflexible adherent to the Huguenots, both in belief and faction. His grandmother, Isabel d'Albret, godmother of Henri IV., received the new ideas from Coligny's brother, and brought up all her children with them. On few other points did she agree with her eldest son. René, the youngest, having narrowly escaped the St. Bartholomew, married that remarkable

* *Henry de Rohan; son rôle politique et militaire sous Louis XIII. (1579-1638).* Par Auguste Langel. Paris: Firmin-Didot et Cie.

woman, Catherine de Parthenay, whose first husband had perished in it. M. Laugel's biography of the son of René and Catherine is a valuable contribution to seventeenth-century history. He has spared no pains in his effort to enrich it with facts, and has ransacked the public archives of London, Paris, and Venice, together with some private collections, and has embodied valuable data from a series of unpublished letters, with which the late M. de Loménie furnished him. But we cannot say that he has been successful in presenting the personal character of his hero. Rohan does not move upon the elaborate background of detailed circumstance with the lifelike vigour we are accustomed to look for in biography, and the reader will find that it will rest largely with him to discover what in reality Rohan was.

Although the age was one of religious warfare, often, indeed, with political intent, it was a time of laxity in morals and life. Rohan's wife, a daughter of Sully, inflexible in her adherence to Protestant opinions, and always mindful of her husband's political interests, was a woman given to scandalous intrigue. Not so Rohan himself. Brought up by his mother in an austere habit of life, his manners were distinguished by sobriety, though he delighted in outdoor exercises and games. His table was frugal, he drank water only, and, as Bouffard de Madiane says, he seemed insensible to passion. He set before himself as models Epaminondas, Scipio, and Caesar, and history—military history above all—had a profound attraction for him. In the tour through Europe which he began in 1598 his purpose was almost wholly political and military, and he delighted to visit battlefields. A remark that he makes touching the men of Strasburg foreshadows the system of offensive tactics which he afterwards adopted. "Leur raison," he says, "tient fort du roturier; car, à ce qu'ils disent, ils ne veulent attaquer personne, mais seulement se défendre." He had already had some experience of arms at the siege of Amiens, and very soon, burning for military glory, he joined, without permission, the army of Maurice of Nassau, falling thereby under the King's displeasure; but he was restored to favour, and given a command, was chiefly instrumental in bringing about the capitulation of Juliers in 1610.

M. Laugel describes carefully the disturbed condition of France and the confused state of parties after the death of Henri IV. The article of the Edict of Nantes, interdicting the assemblies of the reformed Churches, had become a dead letter; and these assemblies, consolidating their organization, became a menace to the State in proportion as they tended to become political. This was notably the case with the Assembly of Saumur (1611), at which Rohan was recognized as the real head of the reformed party, and with the Synod of Privas a year later. Rohan's policy was, however, clear. It was the policy of Henri IV., and afterwards of Richelieu, to strengthen France by alliances against both branches of the House of Austria; and he opposed the Spanish marriages with the utmost zeal. "He was penetrated with the thought," says M. Laugel, "that the party of which he was the soul and the voice served the greatness of France." The incident of St. Jean d'Angely (the "place de sûreté" of which an attempt was made to deprive Rohan), and the sterile campaign of 1615, followed. He took up arms for the first time against the French Crown, but was soon restored to favour.

In considering the part—the chief part—played by Rohan in the subsequent civil war, it is important to remember that France was then an association of provinces, ill consolidated. Maine, Anjou, and Provence were added to the French Crown under Louis XI., Touraine under Henri III., Orléanais under Louis XII., Brittany under Francis I., and Béarn and French Navarre in Rohan's own time. "The great nobles," said Richelieu, in his *Testament Politique*, to Louis XIII., "conducted themselves as if they were not your subjects, and the governors of provinces as if they were independent sovereigns in their own dominions." It was the steady purpose of Richelieu to consolidate the kingdom for the national good; and, in so doing, he found it necessary to crush the Huguenots as a political party. The opposing policy of Rohan, as M. Laugel does not sufficiently recognize, was in its very nature foredoomed to failure. The civil wars, in fact, broke out in relation to the province of Béarn, and it should be remembered in relation thereto that Rohan had himself some pretensions to sovereignty there (*Mémoires de La Force*). The permission given to the Catholics of Béarn for the public exercise of their religion, and the restoration of their ecclesiastical property, caused bitter resentment amongst the Reformers, and the second article of the demands of the General Assembly of Rochelle was that things should be re-established in that province as they were in 1616—that is to say, when the old worship was proscribed. This is a point of which M. Laugel loses sight; but it is well to remember that, in those days, neither party was willingly tolerant of the other. No sooner, indeed, had the Assembly taken its resolutions than there was a fierce outburst of animosity against the Reformers, who were massacred in Normandy, and elsewhere treated with great hardship.

At first Rohan hesitated, but was prevailed upon, and became the soul of the resistance, soon showing that he was the greatest of the Huguenot commanders. Sully, his father-in-law, remonstrated with him, and, in his answer there is a very noteworthy sentence. "Je say bien," he writes, "qu'on fait à coups d'espée plus d'athéistes que de catholiques romains, et que l'autorité royale est plus blessée en trois mois de guerre civile qu'en cinquante ans de paix ou de guerre étrangère." In this letter, also, M. Laugel notes for the first time the expression of Rohan's

willingness to exile himself for the benefit of his party. The incidents of the campaigns of 1621 and 1622, terminating with the Peace of Montpellier, are sufficiently well known. The extraordinary vigour with which Rohan strengthened Montauban, and afterwards compelled the King's victorious forces to abandon the siege, the untiring zeal with which he raised his levies in the midst of discouragement and defection, the electric influence of his presence upon his forces, without which they would often have disbanded, his capture of Montlaur and of places in the Vivarais, and the aid that he rendered to Montpellier—all place him in the first rank of military commanders. It was his way to negotiate sword in hand; but, when he saw the necessity of peace, he urged it warmly, and told the recalcitrant Ministers at Nismes, who objected to the entry of the King into Nismes, Uzès, and Montpellier, that he would rather lead a pack of wolves than a set of Ministers such as they. The Duc d'Aumale (*Hist. des Princes de Condé*, iii. 194) has well remarked that Rohan was the first to perceive that the inaccessible range of the Cévennes might be made a vast dépôt and entrenched camp, from which to issue forth for sudden operations, or wherein to take shelter after defeat; and, we may add, that he here acquired that skill in mountain warfare which he afterwards showed in such perfection in the Valtellina.

The Peace of Montpellier was little more than a truce, and Rohan entered upon the next campaign with a heavy heart, led thereto, against his own convictions, by his brother Soubise, who was wasting the coasts with his fleet. In the beginning the war was a war of the two brothers. Richelieu, in his "Lettres," speaks of them as the "frères Antichristi," and bitterly reviles them for taking up arms against the King, when the interests of the country called him elsewhere. "Defection, devastation," says M. Laugel, "these two words describe the miserable campaign of 1625; no more great battles, nor even great sieges, like those of Montauban or Montpellier; destruction, crops burned, trees torn up, misery in the country, the circle of famine about the towns." Rohan had said that with Nismes and the Cévennes he could defy the world; but the towns were slow to move, Nismes refused him admittance, and he was severely checked at Sommières. He wasted and pillaged, by way of retaliation, on his course, and the stout resistance of Mas d'Azil gave heart to his followers. He succeeded in holding all the passages of the Cévennes and the country of Foix, and thus, in this unhappy campaign, showed that he could triumph even over defeat. He declared, in explaining the motives that had caused him to seek English aid, that if abandoned by all he would serve the cause to the last drop of his blood and his last sigh, and even if he should have to beg his bread among strangers. Yet it is evident that he had often a deep distaste to the part he had to play, and when the Peace of Paris was signed, he threw a waxen bâton into the flames, begging that his generalship might end. He nevertheless took arms again, and this last civil war in which he was engaged was more desperate in character than either of its predecessors. His administration also was stained by the fact that he sought help from England, Savoy, and even the hated Spaniard. Rohan, in command of an army ready at any moment to disband, unable to secure the help of his own, discouraged by the fall of Rochelle, opposed by Condé, and by Richelieu in person with an army victorious from Italy, could do nothing effectual, and, although his vigour was surprising and his fertility of resource without bounds, his supporters fell away from him, and he was compelled to sue for peace, which was signed in 1629.

After this final defeat the spirit of Rohan seems in some sort to have been broken. We find him writing flattering letters from his retreat at Venice to Richelieu, begging that the Republic may be urged to give him service:—"Je vous assure que vous êtes ici en vénération." "Je prie Dieu qu'il vous comble de ses plus saintes bénédictions et vous face vivre longtemps pour la gloire de la France et la liberté de la chrétienté." He will owe his advancement, he declares, to the Cardinal alone; but it is significant that, at the same time, he is writing to Charles I., asking that the English ambassador may plead in his behalf. Rohan longed for action, and at length he secured it. He had been urging earnestly upon Richelieu the desirability of occupying and defending the Valtellina, whose great strategic importance he saw, knowing well the commanding position that France would gain by barring the passes there. He was given his instructions in March 1635, and his passage from Upper Alsace through Switzerland, by Liethal, Regensburg, Winterthur, St. Gall, Sax, and Ragatz, to Coire on the Rhine, both as a military movement and an example of political address, was one of his greatest achievements. M. Laugel gives a lucid account of his strategy in the Valtellina; but those who would study closely this great example of mountain warfare, which, it seems likely, served as a model for Monk in his Highland campaign of 1654, will find an admirable analysis of it in the *Rivista Militare Italiana* (3rd ser. iv.) The movement upon the Valtellina had been executed with such swiftness and secrecy that the Spanish Ambassador at Lucerne heard of it too late. Rohan, holding Bormio and Chiavenna, was master of both the upper and lower country; but he was driven out of the former, for his forces were weak, and he lay between the army of Fernamond, approaching from the Tyrol, and that of Serbelloni, from Italy. By a masterstroke of strategy, however, he broke the strength of the former at Livigno and Mazzo, and compelled the latter to retreat towards Milan, thus remaining absolute master of the valleys. Again, in a similar manner, when the allies approached for another attack, Rohan shattered

the Imperialists in the Val di Fraele, and, turning southward, utterly defeated the Spaniards in the decisive battle of Morbegno, and drove them as far as the Lake of Como. We need not follow the subsequent events. The projects of Rohan were great; but money failed him, and he was ill supported by the Court, disheartened by the disastrous "année de Corbie," threatened by a rising in the Grisons, and his health gave way. In default of instructions from the King, he concluded a treaty surrendering the Valtellina to the Grisons, and the French troops retired just when, by the irony of fate, the despatches which would have strengthened his hands arrived. The anger of Richelieu was great, and he imputed heavy blame to Rohan, but much more to "messieurs des finances." "Ce mal est arrivé faute d'argent; pour un escu qu'il eût fallu donner à temps il en faudra dix, et encore ne réparera-t-il pas la perte qu'on a faite." The striking and romantic career of Rohan was drawing to its close. The sovereignty of Béarn had been almost within his reach; that of the Valtellina was offered to him in the name of the Emperor and the King of Spain; he had projected to purchase the island of Cyprus. Now, distrusted by his country and threatened with arrest as a traitor, he sought Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, in disguise, joined the army of that commander as a volunteer, received a mortal wound at the battle of Rheinfelden, and died on the 13th of April, 1638—a man of whom M. Laugel rightly says that he had no successors of his kind.

SOME SURPRISING SCHOOLBOYS.*

THE word "schoolboys" occurs in the above legend rather in a colloquially general than in a technically accurate sense. For instance, Mr. Harry Fludyer, the hero of the first volume upon this select list, would have considered himself deeply insulted by any one who had described him in such language. Aubrey Langton, of *The Flowing Tide*, would, during the greater part of his recorded career, have been a schoolboy, if he had not happened to be a telegraph-clerk. As for Dick Darley, he never pretended to be anything else. Yet they were all alike of the essence of the schoolboy; they all alike exemplify, each in his rank and age, the outward aspect and the inner nature of secondary education as it is practically developed in this happy country; and these, no doubt, are the reasons why whatever authorities regulate such events submitted them in a single batch to the estimate of a critical mind. Moreover, each of them is surprising.

Harry Fludyer surprises in a way which does his author credit. He and the members of his family with whom he—occasionally—corresponds, and who from time to time correspond with each other, are all so amazingly life-like and so incredibly typical of certain very common sorts of people, that first one is tempted to accept the Fludyer letters as a genuine selection from *bona fide* family documents, and afterwards one clearly perceives that they are much too natural to be genuine. It has been remarked by persons with an eye for the picturesque, and in the habit of visiting rivers, lakes, and such-like aqueous resorts, that that elegant creature the swan will group itself, singly or in battalions, with such complete and exquisite grace of form, and will look so white, that it overdoes the thing, and—until it begins to feed—the spectator is convinced that he sees not real but "property" swans, arranged for artistic effect by the hand of man. Similarly the reader of *Harry Fludyer* is convinced that the letters are not real letters, but are the work of a single mind, conceiving with absolute fidelity what an undergraduate, his father, his mother, his sister, his brother at Eton, his brother in a cavalry regiment, and so on, would write if they all invariably and completely lived up to their several characters. There never was a light-hearted, idle, aquatic, stupidish, rather extravagant boy of twenty at Cambridge College who so ideally lived his part as Mr. Harry Fludyer. No fidgety, absurd, affectionate mamma ever, in fact, performed her rôle with such undeviating fidelity as Mrs. Fludyer, nor did any actual male parent ever write a series of pompous letters, full of a thick-headed, unimaginative, stolid mixture of generosity, prudence, good sense, and a disposition to preach, so artistically complete and uniform as those of Mr. Fludyer. And so on with regard to the rest, except the cook, whose letters to her mistress descend to the level of farce, and poor farce. Harry Fludyer got into his college first boat in his second year, when it went head of the river—his college reads like Jesus (which last went head of the river sixteen years ago, by the way), and the cap he wears in the picture on the cover looks like it—and he got a little into debt, and his papa lectured him and paid up, and he kept a dog, and he had his mother and sisters up for the May week, and gave them splendid luncheons, and took them to the balls, and he entertained his soldier-brother at a dining club—"You chaps at Cambridge always do me like a prince," said that gallant officer. They all describe these and other events in their letters, and it is ever so much more natural than life. One or

two trifles only jar upon one's sense of actuality. In what college at Cambridge can it be necessary for a man who does not seem to have been a scholar to be continually inventing excuses for a day's visit to London, and making them to the Dean, of all people? Few Eton boys, one would think, are quite so weak in spelling as Master Reggie; and would any young gentleman in the Lower Boats, describing how a young friend had permitted himself to make an offensive joke, proceed, "I chumped him a proper one on the head, and told him to shut up his cheek"? Perhaps, however, a senile critic whose early recollections go back to times before Lord Salisbury was Prime Minister knows less about modern Etonians than the author of *Harry Fludyer*, and, any way, the Fludyer letters are extremely entertaining, if very light, reading.

Mr. Aubrey Langton was another guess sort of schoolboy altogether. In early childhood he gave much pain to his father, the Honourable Lascelles Langton, and his mother, the Honourable Mrs. Lascelles Langton, by his "determination to remain an illiterate man." This meant that he had left the school in Wales where he was a pupil-teacher, and after a brief career of usefulness as a newspaper-boy, became a telegraph operator upon the Goring railway. He became an enthusiastic Liberal because Mr. Gladstone—called throughout the story Mr. Clifton—had informed him, along with the rest of the world, that the depression in trade was due to Tory misgovernment. The support accorded by the Liberal party to Mr. Bradlaugh (called, oddly enough, Mr. Manning) caused him to stand aloof from party conflict. A successful endeavour to elect to the Birmingham School Board persons adverse to the teaching of Scripture in Board schools rallied his sympathies to the protesting Tories, and the speech made by Flood (Foot), when he was convicted at the Old Bailey of publishing a blasphemous libel, made him "a partisan of the Conservative cause. Henceforth I shall oppose the doctrines of Liberalism until I or they be destroyed." And a young friend he had, who was a kind of political and religious double of him, observed, "A thousand cheers for Conservatism." So Aubrey became a Conservative, and he had always been a person of dazzling wit, mostly taking the form of coarse impertinence, but entirely to the taste of his railway friends. He addressed to his above-mentioned friend, Newton, on one occasion, an address which lasted "for half an hour," and covers fourteen pages all in one paragraph. After that "Perspiration streamed from his forehead, and Fred's interest was manifested in the nervous twitchings of his own face. Langton wiped the perspiration from his forehead, placed his handkerchief into his pocket again, and calmly awaited Newton's reply." Naturally there was no holding such a man—especially when he devoted himself to the denunciation of Radicals and atheists as *ignorami*. He determined to abandon telegraphy, go to Cambridge—though he could never make up his mind whether to Trinity or to Trinity Hall—and become a politician. All the "railwaymen," whom he had mostly converted to Conservatism and Christianity, saw him off with tears and cheers. On his way to Cambridge he had to make a speech in London, at the request of the leaders of the Conservative party. It was announced that he would speak "in support of the principles by which England had attained her supremacy in the world." "The people of London were gratified at the announcement," for "they were all anxious to hear him speak." So they came in their thousands, and they heard something for their trouble. It was nothing less than an account of creation. It was many pages long, and all pretty much like this:—"Angelic songs were rolled forth at the departure of hell, and the last strains that the devils heard were the concluding measures of the dead march of heaven. That march was henceforth placed in the archives of eternity to await the resurrection of the dead. The music of heaven is not confined to the scales of earth, for the compass of an angel's voice is twelve octaves and a half." It must be observed that Aubrey, though so wise and good, was able to boast that "in calling labourers fools you libel me, because my forefathers belonged to the same old stock." Then how and why—and this question tormented us all through the book—was his father the Honourable Lascelles? And it is to be hoped that when he arrived at Cambridge he met Harry Fludyer, or perhaps in the fulness of time was a contemporary of Harry's brother Reggie, and got chumped a proper one on the head. It should be added that when he has taken his degree he will write a book, to be called *The Last Emanation of Hell*. It will be about the Liberation Society, and "will change the tendency of modern thought." May we be there—as of course we shall—to review it!

Our third schoolboy is much less agreeable than the other two. In one way he is the opposite of Fludyer. As you begin the enormous and almost infinite record of his childish career, it does not for a moment occur to you that anything so trivial, so wearisome, so absurd, and yet so uninteresting, can possibly be true. As you read heavily on, the melancholy conviction grows up insensibly in your mind that, if it was not true, it could not have been written. Just as no human intellect could have imagined any development of practical politics so delightful and so artistically complete as the Parnell imbroglio, no mere author of *Percy Pomo* could have set down such stuff, and so much of it, as *Dick Darley*, unless it were the unvarnished record of actual recollections. No one could have imagined such a preposterous place as St. Florence's Collegiate School, such a mawkish and effeminate little donkey as Dick Darley, or such a horrible and morbid creature as Aubrey Sleeman, his friend. This Aubrey,

* *Harry Fludyer at Cambridge: a Series of Family Letters*. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.

The Flowing Tide: a Political Novel. By John Littlejohns. London: Stanley J. Kilby. 1890.

Dick Darley's School Days: a Study of Boy Life. By the Author of "Percy Pomo; or, the Autobiography of a South Sea Islander." Illustrated by M. B. W., and by Constance Walton, R.S.W. London: Alexander & Shephard. 1890.

we are happy to say, was drowned, having been persuaded against his will to bathe in the sea—a practice to which he characteristically objected, on the ground that “he never could part his hair properly for the rest of the day,” and that he “never got warm again.” His misadventure was not only a good thing in itself, but led to one of the most amazing illustrations ever seen in a story-book. It represents a group of schoolboys and ushers surrounding the cold and miraculously stiff corpse of their little comrade, and it is almost worth while to read the book in order to see it. The narrative is couched in the first person singular, and the author’s ineradicable fondness for the flattest and most abject puns is worthy of his complete unconsciousness that he is representing a type of very nearly everything that a schoolboy ought not to be. He thinks that it was Mario who sat among the ruins of Carthage (they would have made an excellent opera *décor*, but we do not remember the composer), and that it is possible for a cave to be accessible “only at the lowest neap tides.” Among his other vices Dick Darley had that of preserving his occasional verses, and they all appear in his story, each with an apology. One line deserves quotation. It is in a very early effort, being an elegy upon Albert Smith, whose performances Dick was just old enough to have seen, and it is the first line:—

Weep, mighty Blanc! Thy hero is no more!

WITH THE BEDUINS.*

MR. HILL’S modest preface, with its disclaimer of “scholarship,” might disarm the exacting critic, were it not that the title-page stares him in the face with that same bland unconsciousness of offence, almost criminal, that has so long vexed the soul of him who has learned to love the beautiful language of Arabia. To speak of “Beduins” is as though one should talk in English of “Arabes,” or speak of the tillers of the soil in Eastern lands as “Fellahins.” The Badu, or Badawi, is the man who dwells in the desert, the *Baida*—Badawin is the plural. In this narrative of three successive journeys through Palestine and Syria, Mr. Hill (accompanied by Mrs. Hill, who shared his adventures) narrates some of the usual experiences of the English traveller who, with no knowledge of Arabic, adventures himself among these Ishmaelites under the guidance of a Syrian dragoman. He is at the mercy of every wily and rapacious Arab sheikh, and his dragoman, even if he has not an understanding with the Arabs, being a Christian, counts for less than nothing in the way of protection against robbery and extortion. In the eyes of the town-bred dragoman every petty community of Arab dwellers in tents passes for the dreaded Badawin, and he works upon the imagination (or the purse) of his confiding employer accordingly. As a matter of fact, few English travellers in the East come in close contact with the genuine Badawin, or “Aarab” as they are distinctively termed by their neighbours. Mr. and Mrs. Hill (“drawn by an overpowering force,” as our author testifies) went into the haunts of some of these tribes, bordering on the more frequented routes in Syria, although only a portion of the journeys recorded in this book was among the Badawin. We may roughly divide the Badawin tribes of Syria into two groups—not, of course, including the fellahin dwellers in tents, nor the tribes immediately to the south of Jerusalem, which are neither Badawin nor Fellahin, but partly both—namely, the large tribes that roam over the immense deserts between Damascus and the Euphrates, such as the Shammars and the Anizeh, and the smaller tribes confined to a circumscribed and definite area. Of the former group, our travellers invaded the territory of the Anizeh, when they made the journey to Palmyra in 1889. This tribe leaves the waterless Syrian desert during the summer heats and occupies the country between Palmyra and Damascus. In Syria these great tribes are known as Ahl-ush-Shamāl, or “People of the North.” They profess to hold the smaller Badawin tribes in great contempt—do not, in fact, hold them for Badawin at all. This journey to Palmyra does not very much enlarge our acquaintance with the Badawin. The travellers very wisely secured the services of a man of the Anizeh to act as guide and protector to the somewhat sumptuous caravan with which they journeyed. Perhaps we might suggest here that English people who travel in this style must expect to pay heavy toll for exemption from plunder. The familiar incidents of Eastern travel are told in a plain straightforward way. There are the usual troubles with Turkish governors and zaptiehs; and there is a graphic touch of the desert in the description of the night journey on p. 144, and the effect of the mirage on p. 145. Mr. Hill’s brief epitome of the history of this city of Zenobia is succinct and comprehensive. The account of the discovery of fresh water at Palmyra in 1888 is of considerable interest. Our own itinerary of the date of 1886 has this note:—“Oasis with large pool, good water; end of first stage (on road to Homs); carry horse provender for two days.” There is some mystery about the account of the French lady on p. 154. A French lady, highly connected in France at the time, visited Palmyra in 1887 and crossed the desert to Baghdad with a great retinue. We met the chief of her escort, the Anizeh Sheikh of Palmyra, a magnificent Semite, clad in silks and adorned with jewellery,

and he brought us a pressing invitation to visit his tribe. Was the governor, *more Turcico*, trying to impose upon the purses or the credulity of his English visitors, whom he took to be “persons of consequence” (p. 155)? We meet with the Badawin on p. 161 (Anizeh, apparently), where the horsemen, some eighty in number, “sitting still as death,” waiting for a signal from their outpost on the hill, give another life-like touch of the perils of the wilderness. There is little in the journey, however, to bring the Badawin upon the scene. Since 1870, when a Turkish military post was established at Palmyra, the road from Damascus is no longer the hunting ground it used to be for the predatory tribes of the desert. The Anizeh of the present day are said to muster (including all the various subdivisions of the tribe) some 10,000 horsemen, and enjoy the possession of 100,000 camels. We have met them as far north as Nineveh and as far to the east as Seleucia-Ctesiphon, where they had come as intruders and enemies into the country of the Shammars.

The tribes of the second group are chiefly confined to the Badawin paradise of Belka and the Hauran; the Hadadain, the Mowali, the Bakaa, the Turkoman, the Ladja, the Fuheli, the Bani Sokhr, the Adwan, the Sirhan. Further south are the Howeitat, the Sharrarat, and the Bani Atieh, all comprised under the designation of the Ahl-ul-Kibli, whose habitat is about Wadi Musa or Petra. West of the Jordan are other tribes, more or less in a transition state between a nomad and a settled life. There are other tribes or families of obscure designation and uncertain descent who pass for “Aarab,” but who are looked down upon as mongrels.

In 1888 Mr. and Mrs. Hill made a journey east of the Jordan, having arranged (through the dragoman) with a couple of Adwan sheikhs for safe conduct and protection. The Adwan have their camping ground in ancient Moab. An English lady and gentleman on an autumn trip could not be expected to be versed in the intricacies of Badawin politics, and to their quite excusable ignorance on this subject must be attributed much of the subsequent annoyances and the rapacious extortion of which they were the victims. These border Badawin have an evil reputation. They gather to themselves the scum and the offscourings of the settled land and the desert, and English travellers with abundance of gold and little knowledge of the Arab character minister to their corruption. The Adwans were from of old a client tribe of the Bani Sokhr, the lords of the Belka; from what Mr. Hill says on p. 44 they seem of late to have made an attempt to assert their independence. The power of the Bani Sokhr was broken some years ago by a military expedition of the Turks, and they were made to promise to plough the land like the fellahin. The other Arabs say of them that they scruple not to take the life of the guest for plunder, but this is a libel. This journey of 1888 took our travellers through the fair and fertile Belka, over the open plains and downs of old Ammon and Moab, and the territories of Reuben, Gad, and Manasseh; a land of old-world ruins, of glory faded to desolation, the camping ground of the homeless nomads of the desert. Mr. Hill’s description of the ruins of Mashita (*Umm Shetta*), unmistakably Sassanide in appearance and construction, has a chapter to itself. The illustrations give an excellent idea of the ruined palace. And so on, over the open plains to Amman, anciently Rabbath Ammon, with its Greek ruins, through Es-Salt, the ancient Ramoth Gilead (where no mention is made of the near-lying mausoleum of white limestone with its marble sarcophagi), and on to Jerash (ancient Geraza), with its stupendous Roman remains, of which a brief account is given. The Osmanlis have settled a colony of Circassians here, a common method of the crooked Turkish policy of “dividing and ruling,” which has led to disastrous results here as elsewhere. The destruction of the ill-fated Circassian colony at Ras-ul-Ain in the upper Mesopotamian deserts has already been narrated in the pages of this *Review*. “With the Badawin” is a fair description of that part of the journey which took our travellers through the country to the east of the Jordan; although these “Aarab” of the borderland are but a mixed race. There is on p. 83 an example of the kind of risk travellers undergo among these outlaws in the account of the night attempt on the camp. The way in which the Badu *harami* sets about his midnight work is peculiar to himself. Having taken to himself a couple or more companions of like kidney, he sets off to prowl round some isolated tent. One of the party disposes of the dogs by fleeing with the curs barking at his heels in hot pursuit, another makes off with the camels, and a third devotes his attention to the tent, ready to knock any of the inmates on the head who may sally out to see what the uproar is about. If a thief happens to get caught, the usual practice is to bury him alive in the ground and leave him to die—unless he is prepared to pay what his captors consider a sufficient ransom. We once found an unlucky “harami” in this predicament, and only after great trouble (and at no small cost) were we able to save ourselves from seeing him die by inches under our eyes.

The expedition made by Mr. and Mrs. Hill in the spring of the present year to the south and east of the Dead Sea is of more interest as concerns the Badawin, and loses nothing of the interest in the telling. They started from Jerusalem under the escort of a sheikh of the Jahalin, one of the half-Badu, half-Fellah tribes to the south of Hebron. We cannot but think it was an ill-advised beginning of an unfortunate and expensive adventure to attempt to reach Wadi Musa under the protection of this tribe, whose intrusion into the territory of the Ahl-ul-Kibli in such a

* *With the Beduins: a Narrative of Journeys and Adventures in Unfrequented Parts of Syria.* By Gray Hill. Sixty-eight illustrations and a Map. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

coveted position of profit was certain to be resented by the tribes of that confraternity, which claims the desert as its own between Wadi Sirhan and Wadi Musa. But the time was unpropitious. The tribes were fighting at Petra, and almost within sight of the rock city of Edom the travellers had to turn back, and, in an evil hour for themselves, they decided to turn aside and visit Kir of Moab. The Howeitat was one of the belligerent tribes. We are introduced to these tribesmen in the account of an anxious night spent in their enforced and unwelcome company, each man "sitting with his gun in front of him and his sword and pistol ready, watching us with greedy eyes." Badawin warfare is not usually of a very bloodthirsty character. There is a good deal of bravado, of "excursions and alarms," but the "thâr," or law of life for life, prevents unnecessary bloodshed, as no Badu cares to bring the avenger of blood on himself and his family. At Kir of Moab (now known as Kerak) our travellers fell among thieves and into the troubles which Mr. Hill aptly describes as "trap No. 1" and "trap No. 2." Kerak is a rude town perched on the summit of a steep limestone hill; the natives of it uncouth and savage peasants, with a few Greek Christians living amongst them. The people, if they are (which may be doubted) of Badawin descent, now, at any rate, plough the fields of Moab and take to the tent only in the spring when they pasture their large flocks of sheep. The rival (or joint) sheikhs are a brace of as arrant rogues as may be found among all the Ishmaelites, and between the two our travellers were shamelessly and openly despoiled, the ransom for their deliverance being a bounteous fortune to the grasping and miserly peasant-sheikhs. Out of the hands of the Keraki they fell into the hands of the Bani Hameydi, a neighbouring tribe to the north. The tender mercies of these latter were as cruel, but not as formidable, as those of the Keraki bandits, and at their hands Mr. and Mrs. Hill rightly declined to be shorn. It was this same Hameydi tribe that had the battle with the men of Muhammad Mujalli, of Kerak, for the money which the latter had received as the price of the Moabite stone; but, although they killed some of the Kerakis, they were unable to "touch" the money. Intending travellers in these wild borderlands of civilization may consider the words in which Mr. Hill points the moral of his captivity among these lawless Moslems:—"So far as regards European travellers, I very much fear that the result of the whole affair is that they will run considerably more risk than heretofore." Not a desirable result by any means to have attained. Mr. and Mrs. Hill went among these rapacious Arabs, who own to no rule and no authority (said Sheikh Sâlah, "he was the King of Kerak, and cared neither for Consul, Queen, nor Sultan"), with ten followers, a large and well-equipped camp, a store of gold, and every evidence of possessing more. Human nature is the same all the world over, and we cannot greatly blame these ignorant and poverty-stricken dwellers in the famine-haunted desert that the temptation to plunder was strong upon them with such a tempting prize within their grasp. The traveller who will visit these dangerous wilds must go as a poor man would go (Mr. Lethaby, for example, the devoted English missionary at Kerak), or he must take an escort sufficiently strong to overawe the inborn predatory instincts of these Ishmaelites, whose hand is against every man and every man's hand against them.

"The Stories of Abou Suleyman" at the end of the book are such as one may hear from every coffee-house and hotel-haunting "tarjuman" of the East. They are in the quaint "English-ashe-is-spoke" of the Levant. They savour more of the bazaar and the coffee-house than of the black tent and the desert. Here is one (not in the book, but which has been told for generations wherever a Badu pitches his tent) which sufficiently accounts, in the Arab mind, for the Badu. To Adam were three sons—a farmer, a hunter, and a Badawi. To the latter, for his livelihood, Adam gave a camel. The Badawi came to Adam and said, "My camel is dead; what shall I do now for a living?" To whom Adam, "Go thy way, and live of what thou canst filch from thy brethren."

We have read this book with much interest. It tells its plain, unvarnished tale of travel—delightful, no doubt, in the memory of the travellers whose adventures it records, and pleasant to him who reads—in lands which always possess a fascinating interest to all dwellers under cloudy Western skies. It lays no claim to scholarship or research, but it adds, nevertheless, to the sum of our knowledge of the life that is lived to-day in lands the charm of whose old and sacred story will never fade away. The illustrations from photographs (we cannot say much for the sketches) serve their purpose as "illustrations" admirably; especially are those of the Arabs of Kerak life-like and characteristic. And it is no less a pleasant than an imperative duty to add that it is not a mere compliment when we say that the lady to whom the book is dedicated, who so bravely bore her part in the scenes it describes, is worthy of the honour.

RED, WHITE, AND BLUES.*

TWO blues—which nobody can deny—Mmes. Roland and de Genlis, to whom Mr. Dobson had thought of adding Mme. Dacier; a white, the swansdown Princesse de Lamballe; and a red, the Charlotte Corday who, starting at the questions of

her judge, exclaimed "The monster takes me for a murderess!" which nathless she was, and died boldly in red for the same. But though neither she nor the others departed this life precisely in the odour of sanctity, the names of Lamballe, Roland, and Corday must still smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Mr. Dobson's quiet cream-laid prose, which scans better than unspeakable quantities of other men's verse, is very gentle with these. Perhaps he does a little too much glozing now and then; as over Mme. Roland's Buzot, and Mme. de Genlis's brazen burlesque in action of *Pamela*; or, *Virtue Rewarded*. Not that his ink is always perfumed and rose-colour, as his thumb-nail sketch of black Marat shows:—

Half dwarf, half maniac; dressed in a filthy shirt, a shabby patched surcoat, and ink-stained velvet smalls; his hair knotted tightly with a thong, his shoes tied carelessly with string. . . . Enormous head and pallid lenden face; sloping wild-beast brows, and piercing tigerish eyes; croaking frog-like mouth, the thin lips bulged like an adder's poison-bag

And so on; the poison-bag metaphor being, *obiter*, a libel on the adder.

Mme. de Genlis is also consistently pilloried in a quiet way, as if (say) on a pincushion; and that second-hand Mme. de Maintenon deserves it, if only for taking to her own self in Mr. Dobson's volume—which makes a pretty giftlet—exactly as much room as is spared to the other three. That *coquine* and *intrigante*, as some insisted on believing her, who was a canoness and fictive countess at seven, kept school at eight, and wrote some eighty or ninety useless and annoying volumes of nothing at all, can indeed claim the one merit of keeping "le roi Poire" in his youth on a plank-bed; for which much may be forgiven her. She wrote, and wrote, and wrote, ever and always with the feverish scratching of a clucking hen—"a Rousseau's hen," as Horace Walpole called her—and the Duc de Chartres deserved to score for the way in which he (in great part prophetically, for she lived till 84 and died writing) paid her off on her thirtieth birthday in a lost *discretion* bet, with—

A doll large as life seated at my desk, pen in hand and wearing a head-dress of millions of quills. On one side of the desk was a ream of splendid paper, and on the other 32 blank octavo books in green morocco, with 24 smaller in red.

The nett result is that the *Genlisiana* of 1820 are now more impossible than even the *Maintenoniana* of 1773. And Mr. Dobson is happy in giving his readers Lady Morgan on Mme. de Genlis, which sounds as natural as "green on blue" at a game of pool.

This tiresome prodigy made the pedagogue's accusation against the Princesse de Lamballe that she wasn't witty. It had nothing to do with the case of that soft, noble-hearted, self-sacrificing woman, who was "as good as she was bonnie"; "chaste in a court of rouds and panders, where chastity was a prejudice"; the good angel of her father-in-law's *paysannes*; a "small sweet idyll of a Greuze," with her serene face, tranquil eyes, and flower-like head, rising under a heron-tuft from fur and swansdown, or straw-hatted in a cloud of fair linen. Even when she became a sort of charity-bazaar freemasoness, the whiteness which was hers seemed still by a sort of white magic to cling to her in her lodge De la Candeur. And when they trailed her head upon a pike, they got a barber to powder her blonde hair.

The foil to this is the magnificent young woman of three-and-twenty who blushed very readily; "the preparer of peace" with the one firm stab of the dagger, "below the clavicle, sheer through the lung"; whose brilliant complexion never faded, whose lips were red as ever to the last, when she was carted to the guillotine in the red smock of the murderess, and dazzled Adam Lux into dying for her ghost.

The other *littératrice*, as the catalogues have it, Mme. Roland, showed the ruling passion in that request for pen and paper under the scaffold, and in the furtively-scribbled *gaol Memoirs*—a book of another guess sort, though, than Mme. de Genlis's—not to mention the letters to her hunted-down Buzot, "heart of fire and soul of iron," hunger-killed at length and parcel-eaten by dogs in a St. Emilion cornfield, eight months after her head had fallen, and rigorous Roland himself had bored a cane-sword through his heart.

Mr. Dobson is not exactly shocked but surprised at "the terrible love that flames up and beats and burns in every line" of the five known letters to Buzot. But they were written in the shadow of death amid other burning scenes; and were it Mr. Dobson's rôle, as happily for us it is not, dully and drily to philosophize upon this business, he would be aware that the laxity under the axe, the license in *extremis*, of the revolutionary prisoners has been referred to a final cause that primes personal psychology and physiology both.

Mr. Dobson has found a happy simile for Rousseau's insane vanity in that acmé of classic infatuation, the dish of peacocks' brains; but why does he quote with approval (p. 69) that the Princesse de Lamballe and Mademoiselle de Bourbon were "the pomps of the century"? The self-accusation of the peacock-brained about "sending his children to the Foundling" is now, too, a good deal disbelieved; on an occult application of the *de non existentibus* argument.

* *Four Frenchwomen*. By Austin Dobson. Chatto & Windus. 1890.

SOME TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK.*

MR. MACKAIL'S selected edition, text and translation, of the Greek Anthology is a book to be spoken of with very hearty approval. We took it up, we own, with something of fear and trembling. The Anthology is one of the most cherished possessions of scholars and of lovers of literature who know it; but these are not a large class. It is bulky, its best editions are bulkier, it for more reasons than one does not come within the ordinary school and University curriculum; and, last of all, its contents are necessarily of the most unequal value. A good and handy edition of the complete text, printed in type between the elegant but rather eye-pricking characters of Jacobs and the ugly semi-urials which have recently become fashionable, would be an immense boon, and if Mr. Mackail could induce the Clarendon Press to do it, we should bless him even more than for this book. But for other than selfish purposes we must admit that this was, perhaps, the more needed. For the common smatterer has recently taken to prattle about the Anthology, and prattles very terribly indeed. Sometimes he or she knows nothing of the text at all, and simply babbles after Sainte-Beuve or Mr. Symonds. Mr. Mackail's book will make this case, at any rate, a *cas pendable*; while it will give legitimate pleasure and edification to those who know a little Greek, but not much, and to those who know none, and to those who, knowing the standard classical language fairly enough, might be put out by the neo-archaisms of many of the Anthology poets. For it contains the text of a large number of epigrams, with a careful, exact, and yet (in most cases, not, we confess, in all) elegant, prose translation of each, sufficient but not too lavish notes, excellent indices, and an introduction, of some ninety pages, which will put the least learned reader in a position to do justice to the text of the book. The only point on which we would even hint a fault is that the introduction is slightly precious in phraseology here and there—a fault in one sense more excusable than elsewhere (for no one would clear some of the best of the anthologists from the charge of preciousness), and yet in a way more irritating here than elsewhere, because preciousness on preciousness is false heraldry. But the occasional lusciousness of Mr. Mackail's style may serve as honey to attract some readers, and that will be a good thing. One may quarrel with the first sentence of his preface, that he intends "to present a complete collection of all the best epigrams," because, as he himself is too much of a scholar not to see and presently to allow, "best" is a matter, not of fixed reason, but of personal taste. "This is best to me, and that to thee"; and so, unless a man gives the whole, he never can give the best. We ourselves miss a few that we should have given—notably that admirable criticism of life of Lucian's in a single distich, and one or two (let us be honest, and say one or two dozen or score of) love epigrams which we would have had got in somehow. But if we had made the selection Mr. Mackail would doubtless have missed some that he in turn desired. The translations are often very good, exact, simple, without being Wardour Street archaic, and rhythmical, while never exceeding the due limits of prose. The only fault to be found is, that occasionally Mr. Mackail's desire not to amplify may make him obscure to those who cannot take refuge in the Greek. As for the introduction, so large a number of expressions of opinion on such a subject as classical literature must needs give occasion for plenty of difference of the said opinion. For instance, is not Mr. Mackail carrying a prevalent idea too far when he says that the lesser deities of the Latin religion, such as Domiduca, were "mere abstractions"? About the middle ages he talks—as it is unlikely the wont of merely classical scholars to talk—what we can but good-humouredly call great nonsense; and, as a natural result, or cause, he exaggerates the perfection of the Greek ideal of life, and yet talks of our having gained a vast experience, which has enlarged our horizon, and widened our emotion. Strange that it should be so rare to find catholicity of taste and sobriety of judgment!

It is a little unfortunate for Mr. Walter Headlam that his translations of Meleager should have appeared at the same moment as Mr. Mackail's more extended selection from the Anthology. His book is a very pretty one, with wide margins to its quarto pages, on which (as an unmitigated brute remarked) "it will be so convenient to write translations of one's own!" Mr. Headlam's own are in verse—and not often in very good verse. He has preferred, though he has not exclusively used, "eights and sixes," and, indeed, the practice of Jonson and his tribe, the one set of Englishmen who have had the secret of translating or ravalling the Anthology, shows the capabilities of the metre for the purpose. If Mr. Headlam could have caught the strange swell and throb of "Drink to me only with thine eyes," of "Tell me no more how fair she is," of a hundred other pieces of the 1600-1650 period, it is not we that should have quarrelled with him. But his actual grasp of the metre is much more that of Googe and Turberville than that of Jonson and

* Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology. Edited by J. W. Mackail. London: Longmans & Co.

Fifty Poems of Meleager. By Walter Headlam. London: Macmillan & Co.

Longinus on the Sublime. By H. L. Havell. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Works of Æschylus. Translated by Lewis Campbell. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

Greek Odes. Edited by A. W. Pollard. London: Stott.

Herrick. The right butter-woman's rank to market could not be better exemplified than by:—

But see in tears beseecheth he,
Nay thee no more I'll sell:
Fear not, with my Zenophile
Remain thou here to dwell.

This, for Meleager, who is the Greek Herrick, if not even the Greek Heine, is most tolerable, and not to be endured. Further, Mr. Headlam's assurance to those who cannot read the Greek that his translation is, at any rate, faithful, is, at any rate, un- luckily worded. Those who cannot read the Greek may accept it, if they like; those who can will hardly do so. "For blossoms in the grass" is not faithful for *κόμης ἐπι*: "hast him sure" is anything but exact for *δέδεκας*. We do not say that these are excessive licenses for a translator, but they are licenses. And so, still more, is this:—

Σφαιριστὰν τὸν ἔρωτα τρίφω σοὶ δ', Ἡλιοδόρα,
βαλλεῖ τὰν ἐν ἡμοὶ παλλομένην καρδίαν.
ἀλλ' ἄγε συμπαικτὰν δίξαι Πόθον· εἰ δ' ἀπὸ σέυ μὲ
ρίψαις, οὐκ οἶσω τὰν ἀπάλαυστρον ὕβριν.

Love with me as a ball-player
O Heliadora, throws the heart

I keep, that unto thee,
that boundeth up in me.

Come take Desire for playfellow and straight return Love's aim,
or I'll not brook the haughtiness that cannot play the game.

Here the insertion of "and straight return Love's aim" is a most singular equivalent for the omission of "if thou castest me away from thee," while *ἀπάλαυστρον* is clearly not "that cannot play the game," but "that will not play." Inability might be clumsiness, but would not be *ὕβρις*.

We have no objection to Mr. Havell and Mr. Lang for their having taken mercy on Longinus. He once perhaps enjoyed too much pride of place, and by those about Boileau was put to unworthy uses. His taste (we say "his," but in reality his identity is extremely uncertain, though no one will willingly give up, especially on the rather weak grounds alleged for the renunciation, the identification with the hero-sophist-minister of Zenobia, the last really illustrious victim of the selfish vengeance which was one of the worst of Roman vices)—his taste was not always good. He did not like the Odyssey (Mr. Lang himself has to admit this with special grief) as well as he should have done; he committed, like M. Scherer and some others, the fault of anathematizing all preciousness, instead of recognizing that your conceit is a noble, though a most dangerous, weapon. He fell into that pitfall which awaits the systematic critic, the pitfall of endeavouring to systematize and classify too much, to define the indefinable and rationalize the infinite. But he was an excellent critic for all that, and his excellences are very particularly sovereign remedies for some things by no means excellent which are frequent at the present day. We would that Mr. Havell had adopted the now common and most excellent way (pursued in both the books we have just noticed and in Mr. Pollard's) of giving text as well as translation, but his translation itself is good. Mr. Lang's introduction is like most, if not all things, of Mr. Lang's, both for pleasure and for thoughts. It is in parts a little fantastic, and we are sorry to find that it is the opinion of Mr. Lang (a reviewer himself surely) that the mind of a reviewer is seldom in contact with masterpieces. On the side of what he is actually reviewing, perhaps not; but the mind is a many-sided thing, and it is hard if the reviewer cannot keep some of his sides as hard glued to masterpieces as need be.

We trust that it will not be considered a grudging sentence if we say that Professor Campbell has made a vigorous effort at an impossible task. He says cheerfully, and with a true scholar's feeling, that "verse translations are out of fashion; but lovers at once of Greek tragedy and of English dramatic poetry will not be discouraged from the attempt." Perhaps not; your dark tower has, we all know, its fascinations. But we confess, for our own part, that we think such lovers might find satisfaction enough in attempting the translation of detached passages, which is not utterly impossible, and in which there is endless choice. However, Professor Campbell had a right to determine what his own book should be like. It is something, no doubt—though for literary purposes we do not know that it is much—that his versions both of Æschylus and Sophocles have actually echoed on the boards, if only on amateur boards, and no competent judge will refuse them, on the whole, high merit. He is at his best when he renders choric metres into the trochaic dimeter catalectic, an English rhythm of which he has a remarkable command. He is least good, we think, in blank verse, where it is most difficult to give either the sweep of the trimeter or the manifold harmony of Greek vocalization. Take, for instance, the immortal exordium of Prometheus when his torturers have kept him silent as long as they were present—the greatest beginning of a soliloquy, perhaps, in all poetry. We do not think it fanciful to observe that in the two and a half lines of this address to the elements every vowel sound in the Greek language is represented. Now listen to Professor Campbell:—

Ether of Heaven and winds untired of wing,
Rivers whose fountains fall not, and thou sea
Laughing in waves innumerable.

Very fair, if not very brilliant, blank verse; nor do we care to peddle about the slight infidelities—though they are infidelities—involved in "untired of wing" and "laughing in waves" (which

suggests fainting in coils) or on the expletive banality of "whose fountains fail not." But the poverty of sound in comparison with the original is most marked. Take another of the choicest of things Æschylean, the wonderful phrase in the *Agamemnon*, when the lover has lost his love, *ἀπύρρον δ' ἐν ἀγνίαις ἵπποι πῦρ* 'Απυρόδρα. Will any one say that this is rendered by "In the spirit's boundless void [why boundless?] All sense of beauty sinks destroyed"? It is not the sense of beauty—that is still only too keen; it is the satisfaction of the sense, the charm, the rapture, that is gone. Æschylus gives us a passionate image of the longing eyes and the vanished charm. Professor Campbell changes it to a philosophical proposition. It is quite needless to say that he is not always thus unhappy, that he is sometimes very successful. But it is the liability to these "cinders in the mashed potato," as a quaint person used to say—to this sudden check when one comes to a beloved passage, which is the curse of translations, and it is a curse to which the verse translator of entire works constantly exposes himself.

Professor Campbell himself figures in Mr. Pollard's scholarly and very well produced *Odes from the Greek Dramatists*, and figures well. The book is almost exactly similar in form to Messrs. Kegan Paul's old Parchment Library. We have nothing against it except the old-newfangled semi-uncial type above referred to, which to some people may be even a recommendation. Mr. Pollard has edited his book very well, and his introduction and bibliographical appendix give, with the minimum of pretension, some useful information on the history of translation from the Greek in English previous to the present century. The volume itself gives nineteenth-century examples only, ranging from Præd to Mr. Oscar Wilde, Mr. Gladstone to Miss Mary Robinson. It is a real boon to the Greekless or little-Greeked man, and should be no undesirable possession even to those happier ones who can still say great part of not a few of the originals by heart.

SPANISH AND ITALIAN GAMES AT CARDS.*

"AQUARIUS" considers that Spanish games at cards have for a long time formed the basic stock of most of the better games played in the different countries of Europe; less, perhaps, in Italy than in England, France, and Germany. France was the first country to supplant the modified Spanish games with lighter ones of her own; England did not return to games of local or national origin until later; but Germany appears, even yet, to have evolved but few games of native invention, for "Aquarius" maintains that three-fourths of the higher games now played there are derived from Spain, while the same proportion of the lighter games are of French origin. Be that as it may, Spain has preserved to the present day more idiosyncrasies, with regard to cards, than any other country has done. To begin with, the suits are peculiar; *espadas* and *bastos* represent our two black suits; but the *espadas* are always depicted as real swords, not like French *piques*, as in our packs, and the *bastos* are real clubs, like those wielded by giants in a fairy-tale, and not the trefoils which we have adopted from the French; further, these two suits are not black, but parti-coloured. The two remaining suits have no analogy with our Hearts and Diamonds, either in colour or form; they are called *copas* and *oros*, the former usually depicted as golden cups with red interior, and the latter as golden coins or roundles. Exception must be taken to the enumeration of the cards in a Spanish pack as given by "Aquarius"; he makes it consist of 48 cards, or 12 in each suit—namely, the ten numeral cards, the *caballo*, or Knight, and the *sota*, or Knave. An ordinary pack of cards purchased in Spain to-day will be found to consist of only 40 cards, or ten in each suit—namely, three court cards, the King, Knight, and Knave, and the numeral cards, running from ace to seven inclusive. This pack of forty is exactly the same as was in use when Pope wrote his description of Belinda's game of "Ombre" in *The Rape of the Lock*, except that in England we have substituted the Queen for the Knight. Another piece of carelessness occurs in "Aquarius's" Preliminary Chapter, where he twice over misprints the name of a game as *Los Cicutos*, which, in the table of contents and a subsequent chapter, he properly gives as *Los Cientos*. A minor instance of slipshod work is that he speaks of nine Spanish games; while in the list just before given, as well as in the immediately succeeding paragraph and in the body of the book, he only mentions eight. In addition to the above games, "Aquarius" gives a list of eight of French origin which are played now in Spain, besides our English game of whist, and its very mongrel derivative, Boston. Of the really Spanish games, six are played with the short pack, of 40 cards or less; while two, *La Matilla* and *Revesino*, require the pack of 48, which, for English purposes, "Aquarius" proposes to form by rejecting the ten. *La Matilla* can be played by two, three, or four persons, but is best adapted for the latter number, sitting as partners. The highest card in every suit is the nine, which is called by the name of the game. In dealing the cards are given, in this and in all Spanish games, to the right, and not, as with us, to the left, of the dealer; the play of the cards also follows the same rule. There is a trump suit

turned up; but, in addition to this, the dealer has the privilege of naming the favourite suit, which scores double points. The outplay resembles Whist; but the *Matilla* and court cards each have a separate value in addition to that of the tricks. *Revesino* is one of those games which fail to commend themselves to most players, because you play to lose; whoever gets fewest tricks wins. The winner of each trick pays a stake into the pool, which is further increased by fines for playing or taking aces and the *quinola*, or Knave of Diamonds. *Tresillo*, more commonly called *Hombre*, was formerly well known and much played in England under the name of Ombre, and was in fact our most fashionable game until the appearance of Hoyle's treatise brought Whist into vogue. It requires, as mentioned above, the real Spanish pack of 40 cards, and is played by three players, one of whom, designated the *hombre*, or man, undertakes to win the game independently against the other two; if he fails to get the larger number of tricks, the opponents are said to make *codille*. The cards rank in a peculiar order, being different in the two colours, and also differing again in the suit which is made trumps; some cards, too, bear special names, Spadille, Manille, Basto, and Ponto, while the three first named are designated *Matadores*. An English modification of this game, adapted for four players and called *Quadrille*, was for some time in fashion until it was eclipsed by Whist. The games of *Solo* and *El Mediator*, described at length by "Aquarius," are special developments of *Tresillo*. *El Burro*, or the Ass, appears to be exactly the same as the old English game of Triumph, the prototype of *Ecarté*, and through another derivative, Ruff and Honours, a principal factor in the development of Whist itself. The next game noticed by "Aquarius," *La Mosca*, is said by him to be the same as our Loo; from the short sketch of the game it is evident that the identity is not absolute, probably both are derived from a French game, as "Aquarius" himself seems inclined to suspect that this is the case with *La Mosca*. He is not very clear as to what the *Mosca* itself consists of; apparently it is simply the pool. The last Spanish game mentioned by "Aquarius" is *Los Cientos*. He does no more than cite it as substantially the same as the old English game variously known as Cent, Sant, or Mount Sent, and practically identical with Piquet, referring his readers to his treatise on the latter game for all information; as "Cavendish" concurs in allowing the identity of the two games, it may be accepted as proved. It will be seen that there is nothing very new to us in any of the above games; in fact, "Aquarius" points out that there is not one of them which has not at some period been played by Englishmen. Of *Monte*, the universal gambling game of Spanish America, no mention at all is made. In conclusion, "Aquarius" pays tribute to the invariable coolness, courtesy, and skill of the Spaniard at card-playing.

Setting aside the local or rustic Italian games which, though numerous, are not in "Aquarius's" opinion of any great interest to strangers, he can only find eight higher games which are generally played among well-informed people in Italy. Four of these—*Hombre*, Boston, Whist, and Piquet—are of foreign origin, and, therefore, require no special detail in a treatise on Italian games. Of the others, Tarocco and Taroc' *Hombre* form a class by themselves, and are perhaps the representatives of the oldest game of cards in Europe; a third, *Trionfetti*, is cited by "Aquarius" as an example of the class of games of which our English Triumph is one; while the fourth, *Tresette*, is accounted by "Aquarius" as one of the few essentially Italian good games that are usually played. Setting aside the Tarocchi, or Tarot, pack of cards, the ordinary Italian pack appears to be the same as the French or English pack of 52 cards. The names of the suits are not quite correctly given by "Aquarius"; *spade* and *cuori* are unmistakably Spades and Hearts, and *fiori* take the place of Clubs, though they are as often figured as, and called *bastoni*; but it passes comprehension why he should give *carro* as the equivalent of Diamonds, unless he thinks that the Italian word for cart is also the proper rendering for the French *carreau*. The place of Diamonds in an Italian pack is taken by cups, *coppe*, figured as on the Spanish cards. Tarocchi or Tarots have almost a literature to themselves, and some authors seek to deduce them from the Egyptian mysteries, and even to perpetuate their occult signification at the present day. That they were the earliest form of playing cards is probably true, as also that they were introduced at a very early period through Venice from North Africa. The pack in present use consists of 78 cards; the four ordinary suits—*spade*, *bastoni*, *coppe*, and *denari*—have each an additional court card, the *caravalla*, making 56; and there is further a Taro suit of 22 cards, numbered from 0 to xxi., or figured as symbolical picture cards. These Taros are a sort of permanent trumps, and take other cards, that marked 0, or *Il Matto* (the fool), can be played to any suit to protect a court card, but has no power to win a trick direct except at a renounce. This and two other cards of the Taro suit, *Il Bagatto* and *Il Mondo*, are termed *Matadores*, and have, each of them, different special powers. Before play begins announcements are made and scored of points held in the hands, though players may conceal their strength by declining to announce. The game is usually played by four players, but can be slightly altered so as to suit three. "Aquarius" gives a detailed description of the rules and penalties. Taroc' *Hombre* is a combination of the Italian Tarocco with the Spanish *Tresillo* or *Hombre*. Any number from three to seven can play; a reduced Taro pack of 54 cards is used, six low cards in each common suit being rejected. *Tresette* appears to be the most purely distinctive Italian game, though "Aquarius" states that it corresponds in some

* *Spanish Games at Cards*. By "Aquarius." London: Mathieson & Sons. 1890.

Italian Games at Cards. By "Aquarius." London: Mathieson & Sons. 1890.

slight degree to four-handed Cribbage. A pack of 40 cards is used, the tens, nines, and eights being eliminated as in the ordinary Spanish pack. Points are made both in the hands and in out play, and are usually scored on a board. The combinations aimed at are many and various, each having its distinctive appellation, so that it must require some study to master the technicalities of Tresette; but it seems to embody all the elements of a really good game. The last Italian game of which "Aquarius" gives any account is called *Trionfetti*, or *Gile*. In spite of its name, it has not any trumps; the details are said to differ much locally, but the principle seems to be to prepare the hand by exchanges for a final score on showing hands; hence it has more analogy with Commerce than with our English Triumph.

At the end of his little volume "Aquarius" gives a few pages of information respecting Oriental games. Persian and Indian cards are said to have suits of swords, guns, and coins; but in Persia they have several additional suits representing edicts, slaves, harps, &c. India also has other suits, but the only one mentioned by name is that of birds. The picture cards represent king, woman, wazir, lion, soldier, and dancers. In China the suits represent generals, knights, scholars, soldiers, elephants, horses, and carriages. A few details are given concerning Persian games, one of which, curiously enough, has considerable affinity with the very modern game of Poker. Westerners, however, had better decline to take a hand in a Persian game, for "Aquarius" avers that a main part of what is considered legitimate amusement consists in sleight of hand, and that stakes are even cleared on the sly, while it is not considered good manners to resent such practices.

WALKS NEAR EDINBURGH.*

THESE Walks near Edinburgh conduct the reader to most of the venerable churches, castles, and manor-houses which in the old days clustered round the Northern capital, and some of which are now hidden amongst its always extending suburbs. Bruntsfield, Merchiston, The Grange, and Caroline Park are no longer country houses. Craiglockhart is the site of a gaudy "hydro-pathic." Corstorphine hears the jingle of the tramway car; lines of "eligible villas" have violated the seclusion of the Hermitage of Braid, and the classic solitude of the latest hermit, John Skelton. It is all the more commendable in Miss Warrender that, ere time has completely obliterated the ancient landmarks, she has commemorated in the letterpress and the sketches of this interesting little volume the traditions of the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. The book is small in size; but such a contribution to the archaeology, local history, and folklore of so characteristic a bit of Scotland is of no small value. We commend to the attention of the Society of Psychical Research the selection of new and startling ghost stories which the author contributes to the literature of the preternatural; while the student of Scotch history will find in her pages many quaint and out-of-the-way incidents illustrative of the manners, habits, and humours of our Northern neighbours in the olden time.

LETTERS TO YOUNG SHOOTERS.†

A WRITER on shooting who can say that he has fired off 60,000 cartridges within the last half-dozen years must have at least some experience of his subject, and independently of this practical guarantee, many old shooters, and still more middle-aged shooters, could assure "young shooters" that the author of these "Letters" thoroughly understands all matters connected with guns and gunning.

The work begins with a glance at the old muzzle-loading guns, both flints and detonators. We are told how "our ancestors primed, and swore, and primed again, after a misfire with a flint ignition"; and we are reminded of the miseries of the copper-cap muzzle-loader, "the hasty fumbling in pockets for the different wads, the caps, the powder, the shot, &c." Shooters are too apt to forget that convenience and rapidity of fire are not the only advantages of breechloaders. In the latter the cartridge holds the wads tightly, whereas in muzzleloaders the wads were comparatively loose in the barrel or they could not have been rammed down, the consequence being that there was a certain amount of "windage," or loss of force, through the gases of the exploded powder escaping between the wads and the barrel. We owe a debt of gratitude, again, to the inventors of breechloaders on account of the comparative safety of those weapons. With the muzzleloaders, second barrels used to explode while first barrels were being loaded; caps used to be jarred off when hammers were down; powder-flasks used to be ignited by sparks remaining in the barrel, "blowing fingers to the four corners of a field"; loaded guns used to be considered "unloaded till a man's head, with the top shattered, proved the contrary"; occasionally a ramrod was "sent flying to the clouds, or into a tree—or a cow!" and there was always the contingency that, in loading, both charges of powder, or both charges of shot, might be accidentally put into one barrel.

* *Walks near Edinburgh*. By Margaret Warrender. Edinburgh: Douglas.

† *Letters to Young Shooters (First Series)*—On the Choice and Use of a Gun. By Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, Bart. London: Longman, Green, & Co. 1890.

We come next to the much-disputed question of dear guns v. cheap guns. There are people who go so far as to say that all guns cost much the same to make, and that with the exception of the expense of the engraving, or of some extra action such as that of the ejector, the whole of the rest of the price goes as clear profit into the pockets of the gunmaker. All such assertions, and any that at all approach them, Sir Ralph makes it his business to deny, and this he does with great ability and ample technical knowledge. It may seem superfluous, if not presumptuous, to attempt to add anything to his elaborate defence of high-priced guns; yet we venture to bring one more piece of evidence against the theory that there is a profit of some 25% to 35% to the maker of an expensive gun, and it is that, at one of the largest and best-known co-operative stores, where they make their own guns, and where breechloaders can be bought for as little as 5*l.* 10*s.*, the best guns cost 44*l.* 10*s.* We may further support the assertions of the author by observing that we have been told by one of the most celebrated gunmakers in the world that "the action" for a breechloader may be purchased from a manufacturer by a gunmaker for fifteen *shillings*; but that, if he wishes to have the very best, he must pay about fifteen *pounds* for it; and, besides this, there are the barrels, the stock, the fore-part, the heel-plate, the fine boring, the regulating, the stripping, the smoothing, browning, hardening, and polishing of the barrels, and the engraving to be paid for by the maker—all the work being done by the best, and consequently the highest-paid, workmen he can obtain. The same maker assured us in writing "that the profits obtained from good-quality guns are less in proportion to value than those obtained from 'cheap guns.'" Sir Ralph says that "the profit on a 16*l.* gun is about the same as on a more costly one. Which is the better bargain" he leaves his readers to conjecture. Providentially, however, it is possible or even probable that a cheap gun may serve very well for a comparatively poor man, for he seldom gets so much shooting as a rich man; and, as the former may only fire hundreds of shots where the latter fires thousands, a cheap gun may stand the amount of shooting to which he is likely to subject it. The wear and tear on a gun out of which from three to four thousand shots are fired every season is tremendous, and only the very best workmanship can bear it with impunity. Wildfowl-shooting is another severe test, "a little rust from salt water, or a tumble or two in a boat, and crack goes a screw-head or snap flies a spring" in the cheap gun.

The stock of an expensive gun is chosen with great care "from, perhaps, a hundred rough outlines in walnut." As to the barrels, the thought and science bestowed upon them "before they are perfect represent the science of a lifetime." The gun is tried and tried again, several hundred shots being sometimes fired from it before the workman and his master are fully satisfied that it will do them credit and suit its purchaser. In the case of cheap guns, on the contrary, the stocks are too often made of wood not thoroughly seasoned, and every rough stock purchased by the maker of such guns has to be fitted to barrels, and sold to a purchaser. The locks, breech-actions, and fittings "are made of common iron," and "the barrels consist of inferior metal," "bored and ground by second-rate artisans." Instead of repeated trials, they rarely get more than one, and as little time is spent upon them as possible.

Having disposed of the cheap gun v. the expensive gun dispute, the author turns to that of the hammer-gun v. the hammerless gun. He is strongly in favour of the latter, although he admits that the two best game-shots in England, Lord De Grey and Lord Walsingham, both use the former. Moreover, he advises those who must needs buy cheap guns to get hammer-guns, because, being simpler in their construction, they can be made at less cost, so that better work may be expected for the same money; and he strongly recommends hammer-guns for foreign sport, as they are less likely to get out of order than hammerless guns, and are more easily repaired if they do. At the same time, he considers that a good hammerless gun ought to stand being fired 5,000 times in a season without any repairs becoming necessary. The safety of hammerless guns mainly depends upon the presence of a thoroughly trustworthy intercepting block between the hammers and the cartridges—"a safeguard that protects the gun from discharge by a fall or jar, and which is only removed by the shooter pulling the triggers."

The battle between ejectors and non-ejectors the author disposes of in less than four pages. He thinks that there can be no doubt whatever that ejectors will be the guns of the future, but that the ejecting action is far from perfect at present. Even now he would recommend those who can afford to buy the best ejectors to get them, provided they are the very best that are made. A much more fiercely contested question is whether choke or cylinder barrels are the best. Lord de Grey uses full chokes, Lord Walsingham uses cylinders, Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey appears to prefer cylinders, or, if chokes at all, only modified chokes. Chokes, he tells us, are easier, and therefore cheaper, to make than cylinders. An immense improvement has been made in the boring of cylinders within the last few years, although the appliances for boring them are much the same as those which were in use eighty years ago. About 1860, only a very first-rate gun would put 100 pellets into a 30-inch circle at 40 yards, 96 to 98 being much more usual. A really good cylinder gun will now "regularly and evenly place 130 pellets on the 30-inch circle." A modified choke should place from 150 to 160, and a full choke from 200 to 220. The

cylinder, however, has this advantage, that at 20 yards it fires a circle 30 inches in diameter against one of only 18 inches from the choke, and that, while the choke at 40 yards puts nearly all its pellets into the 30-inch circle, the cylinder has a wider range. Some people talk about killing birds at 70 yards. The author doubts whether even a full choke shoots with force enough to kill at that distance, although he does not question its power of maiming, and he has known a man's eye to be seriously damaged at so long a distance as 160 yards. "It is the shots under 40 yards," says he, "that add up the bag. Let me see a man kill them regularly and neatly, and I do not care what he does over 40 yards." He believes that the common estimate of the height at which pheasants fly is much exaggerated. Except over deep valleys, he calculates the height at which good pheasants driven overhead fly to be from 25 to 30 yards, high birds from 30 to 35 yards, and "exceptionally tall ones" from 35 to 40 yards, "the latter height being very rarely attained." Therefore, he considers that a good gun without any choke whatever "should bring down 'rocketers' at any reasonable height," and he adds that "it is curious that a pheasant flying low appears within easy range at 30 yards, yet the same bird travelling 30 yards above ground seems so much more distant as a perpendicular shot."

There is one more dispute into which Sir Ralph enters at some length, and that is between the rival merits of black powder and nitro-compounds. He greatly prefers the latter, but he considers the former the safest; for, let it be remembered, "nitro-compounds are nothing but dynamite." He has fired over 60,000 cartridges loaded with Schultze powder without an accident; yet out of that number some three or four have made his gun kick like a horse, and have exploded with a crash which nearly sent the gun flying from his hands, and seemed to loosen every tooth in his head. He advises people who use nitro-compounds to throw away all cartridges which have become damp, lest their powers should be dangerously increased through over-drying; and he very properly points out that to leave cartridges loaded with nitro-compounds in a gun after shooting with it at a hot corner, or at the end of a drive, when the barrels are greatly heated, is just as dangerous as to dry them by placing them near a fire. In spite of these drawbacks he strongly recommends shooters to use cartridges with Schultze or E.C. powder, provided they are properly loaded, fired from thoroughly trustworthy guns, and most carefully kept at a proper temperature.

No portions of this work are better or more valuable than those which treat of the dangers of shooting, and how they may be avoided. Here the young shooter may learn how to carry his gun, and, what is more important, how *not* to carry it. There are men, he tells us, who flourish their guns about after the manner of "a gardener sprinkling his flowers from a watering-pot," who shoot in such a style that a "beater placed as a 'stop' might easily be brought to bag," and kill rabbits to their own great satisfaction, though perchance a man bringing luncheon or spare cartridges "may have reason to be less pleased." Shooting back is always dangerous. Never will the author forget "the shrieks of pain, combined with shocking language, emitted by a fat French cook, who" had come out to see "le sport," and "lagging in the rear, was shot 'too much behind' as he lay in the fern, face downwards, over a burrow, trying to extract therefrom a wounded rabbit with a 'fork.'" As a specimen of the dangers of ricochet shots, he tells us that he has known a man to kill a rabbit in a grass field, and yet pepper two beaters who were quite thirty yards apart on either side of it. He has proved, by hanging up a dead pheasant before a target and between flanking targets, that shots will glance off a bird almost at right angles, and he believes that they would probably glance even more freely from the plumage of a bird in rapid motion. Loaders, too, are responsible for many dangers. We are told of one who was borrowed for the day from his host by a timid old gentleman. This ancient sportsman, in climbing a stiff fence, was a little unsteady at the top of it, when the loader was kind enough to prop him up on the muzzle of his loaded gun. In reply to an angry remonstrance, the man said:—"It's all right, sir; the gun is only at half-cock, and I feared you were going to fall."

We have not space to notice the many hints which the author gives as to how to use the gun so as to kill game with it. Those respecting "cross-shots" are specially worthy of careful study, and we can well believe him when he tells us that he has done his best to "prevent a young shooter from being known as a three-barrel-man—or bang, bang, d——n."

NEW MUSIC.

WE have received from Messrs. Beal & Co. several new songs of more than average merit. "Listening Angels," by Signor Odoardo Barri, is pretty; "Waiting for Jack," by S. Claude Ridley, is a bright, manly song, with good words. Not particularly original is "Watching and Praying," by M. Charles Gounod, which is, of course, well written and likely to be popular with that large class of musicians who like tunesome sacred music. Rather commonplace is "Love's Return," by Mr. Arthur Le Jeune, and the same may be said of "Why Don't You?" by Mr. A. L. Mora. Poor both in melody and style is "If Love were always there," by Mr. Ralph Horner. Amongst piano pieces issued by this firm we can commend "Golden Slumber," a nice waltz, by M. L. Gautier,

and "Chant du Berger," by the same composer, which is exceedingly pretty, and, by the way, not at all difficult. M. Theo Bonheur's "Le Palais Royal" waltz is good for school-teaching, and so are "Falling Leaves," by Valentine Hernerr, "Norwegian Dance," by S. Claude Ridley, and "A Toi," by G. Sidney Smith. "Bohemian Waltz Album" is a cheap collection of popular waltzes, bound in one volume, which will be found useful in country houses.

Mr. Marshall has recently issued the following new songs by Mr. Edward St. Quentin:—"An Old Love Dream," "Last on the Roll," "Mother, Good Night," and "Gondolier." None are very original, but all these are carefully written with violin and violoncello accompaniments (obligato). Most commonplace and uninteresting are the "Old Home," by Mr. W. M. Hutchinson, and "By the Fireside," by Mr. Lindsay Lennox. A graceful waltz for the piano: "Sweetest and Dearest," by Miss Florence Fare, and Mr. Ivan Tchakoff's "Polish Country Dance" is lively and original, quite one of the prettiest piano pieces of the season.

Mr. B. Williams issues "At Gay Seville," by M. Suchet Champion, a lively bolero song; a good comic song, by Mr. Michael Watson, entitled "Watch Yarn," and two moderately well composed songs for weak voices, by Mr. Frederic Mullen. Several short pieces for the piano, by Mr. Smallwood and Mr. Herbert Bedford, have nothing to recommend them save their facility of execution and tricky showiness.

"Hope Whispers," by Clementina Drummond Scott (Forsyth Brothers), is very badly written and downright ugly. On the other hand, "Yearnings," by Florence M. Fulton, is, for a wonder, rather pretty. Unfortunately we have nothing but condemnation for the latest compositions of Mr. Arthur Page, Mr. Carl Heins, Mr. George Marsden, and Mr. Wilhelm Popp. There is absolutely no reason why their very commonplace pieces should be inflicted on a too-patient public. It is really amazing, when perusing the bulk of the music now issued by the various London music-publishing firms, to notice how inferior it all is in every sense of the word.

Three new songs by J. W. Elliott (Messrs. Phillips, Page, & Co.) are a trifle above the average, by far the best being "The Merry Mariner," which is at least cheerful and almost stirring. Mr. J. Blumenthal's sacred song, "Dormentes," was barely worth publishing. A fair setting of Lovelace's well-known words, "Stone Walls do not a Prison make," is by Mr. Leigh Kingsmill. Classics without octaves, arranged by André Baptiste, serve their purpose of accustoming children to good music by rendering it easy to play for little fingers.

"Bella Napoli," by F. Boscovitz, is the best of Messrs. Enoch & Son's latest publications. It has a distinctly characteristic and pleasing refrain.

Undoubtedly Messrs. G. Ricordi & Co. (of Milan and London) show more discrimination in the selection of the music they publish than do the purely English firms of the same class, unless we except Messrs. Chappell and Novello & Ewer. We have received from this house the following pieces, which can be honestly recommended to artists and students. Among the songs is "By a Southern Sea," by Lord Henry Somerset, which has a pleasant melody and a vein of "very pretty sentiment," as my Lady Bellairs would have remarked in a comedy of the last century. An excellent song for baritone is "The Sea," by Ciro Pinsuti. A delightful duet is "Spanish Cradle Song," by Maude Valérie White, and "Puisque ici-bas toute âme," by the same accomplished musician, is an original and charming song. Both duet and *aria* are well harmonized, and have graceful and appropriate accompaniments.

Messrs. W. Morley & Co. send "Down by the Sea," an ordinary song, with a waltz refrain, by Gerald Lane. Mr. J. M. Capel's "Margery's Wooers" reminds us a little of the "Three Maids of Lee." It is, however, not so clever and amusing. "Cathedral Memories," by Mr. J. Jackson, and "With Thee," by Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, are not very striking songs, and they have silly words. Why do not our composers look up some of the Elizabethan poets for the words of their songs? There are thousands of songs written during the Jacobean and Elizabethan era which have never been set to music, and any one of which is better than the silly trash chosen by modern English composers. Of Messrs. Morley's latest piano pieces the best is a waltz, "La Naïade," by Theo Bonheur—but the prettily designed cover is the best part of it—and a rather graceful little piece by Carl Malemberg, called "Bergomask Dance."

Three pretty songs by Alfred Cellier (Metzler) have been already noticed in these columns. They now appear with two new ones, "The Brook" and "Far, Far Away," in album form. Miss Mary Carmichael's "To Julia," a love song, is pretty and almost (*mirabile dictu!*) original. Signor P. Bucalossi's "Led into Light" is an average sentimental song with a pretty melody.

The "Red Albums" of useful selections of popular songs from oratorios issued by this firm are well printed and neatly bound. They are cheap and will be deservedly popular. The "Christmas Annual" of dance music is, on the other hand, a miracle of cheapness, but it is very indistinctly printed. If "Music hath charms," it certainly has had little for Mr. A. G. Crowe, whose setting of these famous words is very poor stuff indeed. "Brother Jonathan Polka," by Mr. Stocks Hammond, is a capital dancing polka. The *American Organ Journal* (two volumes) is a useful arrangement of songs and airs, mostly sacred, for the organ. The *Liszt*

Organ Library, Op. 28, contains a clever arrangement for this instrument of Beethoven's "Sonata Pastorale." M. Röhrer's *Complete Harmony* is a good work, containing capital examples and exercises, much clearer than most systems. It is very cheap and useful. A cheap edition of Purcell's magnificent *Cantata, Dido and Æneas*, edited by E. F. Rimbault, was needed, and is consequently very welcome. It were well if other music by English composers of the past were presented in this cheap and convenient form.

Mr. T. A. de Orellana's three new pianoforte pieces, "Polonaise," "Tarantella," and "Melodic Studies," published by Charles Woolhouse, are very well written, but rather difficult. They rise to a much higher level of excellence than do the majority of English compositions of the day, and display thorough knowledge of music and distinct talent. Lastly, and not least, we have a bright hunting song by Miss Mary Whittaker, "We'll all go a-hunting together." It is characteristic and spirited.

Messrs. Roberts Cocks & Co. publish "Three Men in a Boat," by H. Trotter, a good comic song, and "Children's Dreams," by F. Cowen, which is not likely to add to that composer's fame. Not very original, but still fairly pretty, is "Across the Still Lagoon," by Henri Loge. Two good songs are "Return with the May," and "Seville's Groves," by H. Martyn van Lennep. There is not much to be said for "The Burlington Music-book," for ladies' voices, or for "The Burlington Music-book" of dance music. But "The Bride of the Wave" waltz, by Leonard Yorke, is pretty, and "Chappies Polka," by Florence Fare, is a very lively polka with a jovial and stirring tune.

GUICCIARDINI'S COUNSELS AND REFLECTIONS.*

A NOTICEABLE feature of the present day is its want of sympathy with the art of statecraft. The average Englishman admits in a general way that men like Cavour and Bismarck were professional statesmen who probably practised an art which was founded on certain principles. But he would resent the supposition that their English contemporaries were in any way practitioners of a similar craft. It suits the English point of view towards politics to assume that all affairs are directed by the good sense of the community, of which statesmen are merely the mouthpieces and the officials. English statesmen have not thought it prudent to dispel this illusion; they have not been reticent about their relations to their colleagues or matters affecting their personal dignity, but they have abstained from revealing the principles which guided their action. Indeed, so much of their craft is concerned with details of Parliamentary management that it would be difficult to speak without incurring the charge of cynicism. Anyhow, the general result is that, while we have copious information from the lips of statesmen of their views and their motives, we have very little knowledge of their methods. To gain an insight into the considerations which weigh with a statesman, we have to turn to the writings of Italians in the sixteenth century. It cannot be said that the analysis of the art of statecraft has been seriously undertaken since that time.

This is doubtless due to the fact that the most complete attempt at such analysis shocked the consciousness of mankind. Machiavelli was credited with inventing an infamous system of fraud, and passed into a byword of moral reprobation. It is unfortunate that Machiavelli's *Prince* was not merely a work of analysis, but was animated by a patriotic desire for the political reconstruction of Italy on the only available basis. The repulsion which Machiavelli awakened is something like what would have greeted Adam Smith if, instead of writing an abstract treatise on "The Wealth of Nations," he had expressed the same opinions and worked out the same principles in the form of advice to a young man how to grow rich. There would, however, have been this difference, that so many people wish to grow rich that lapses into immoral action in the pursuit of riches would have been condoned; whereas few people definitely aim at political power, and most men wish to hide from themselves the consciousness that they are subject to the power of others. Hence men are prepared to shut their eyes to the tricks of trades analogous to those which they themselves pursue; but their dignity is outraged by the supposition that they themselves are the subject-matter of the politician's trade, and they are ready to take vengeance on any one who lets them see this obvious truth. It is well that it should be so. It is by no means necessary that our self-knowledge should extend to all the influences by which we are surrounded. A schoolmaster would not succeed if he were to explain to his pupils the principles on which he was trying to direct them for their own good. Married happiness would be wrecked if husbands knew the extent to which they were managed by their wives. It is because Machiavelli and Guicciardini lived long ago, and were concerned with a different state of politics to our own, that we can read them with advantage. We are not obliged to apply their maxims to ourselves unless we choose.

We have coupled together the names of Machiavelli and Guicciardini because they were contemporaries, not because they dealt with the art of statecraft in the same way. Both of them lived amidst the same conditions of intellectual and political life, at a time when men were quick observers, when personality was

strongly marked, and when the manifold centres of Italian politics opened out a large field from which to draw experience. But Machiavelli was a philosopher before he was a man of affairs, and had gained his principles by study before he applied them in practice. Guicciardini does not rise above the level of a capable official who records the lessons which experience taught a man whose shifting occupations gave him a certain detachment from prejudice. His *Ricordi* can be read without much knowledge of the actual events to which they refer. They are valuable, not so much as illustrations of the thought of the sixteenth century, as for the homely common sense which they contain.

Mr. Thomson has rendered these *Ricordi* into good English, in a style well adapted to bring out their chief characteristics. He has also written an Introduction, which gives a full account of the literary history of the book. His translation is from the text given by Canestrini in his edition of the *Opere Inedite di Francesco Guicciardini*; and it is singular that it was left for the translator to point out that the *Ricordi* consist of two series, one of which is a redaction of the other. Mr. Thomson on good grounds assigns the second series to the year 1528, and the first, or revised, series to 1530; but he has not followed out the line of research which his discovery suggests. It would have been a great advantage to the reader if he had printed the two series on opposite pages, so as to have made comparison easy. It is always an interesting study to follow the changes which an author introduced into his composition and to conjecture the motives which dictated them.

Mr. Thomson has given no account of Guicciardini's life or literary labours, but has put forth his book on its own merits. He was quite justified in doing so; indeed, the book may well be read as a statesman's commonplace-book without reference to any particular time. We will only dwell on one point which is of historical importance, as illustrating the momentous change which was wrought in the history of the sixteenth century. Guicciardini was in the service of the Papacy, and gives us his opinion that but for this he would have loved Martin Luther, not because he objected to the theology or the constitution of the Church, but because the luxury, ambition, and avarice of the clergy were intolerable. In such a statement we see the reason why the Papacy found no efficient help against Luther's onslaughts till these onslaughts had some effect in rousing it from its debasements.

The merit of the book, however, lies in the shrewdness, rather than in the epigrammatic statement, of the apophthegms which are the result of varied experience in a critical time. Thus Guicciardini states the case for popular government:—

It must take its stand upon justice and equality, on which as the security of all will depend, all, as a rule, will be satisfied. In this way the maintenance of popular government will rest, not upon a few partisans whom the ruler is unable to control, but on numberless friends.

He also states the primary rule of statecraft with admirable simplicity:—

I have noticed in my governments, that in respect of many matters I desired to bring about, it was advantageous, before moving in them myself, to allow both sides to discuss them and debate over them at great length. For in the end, out of weariness, they would join in entreating me to adjust their differences. Thus appealed to I could accomplish with credit, and without impeachment of obtrusiveness, what at first I should have attempted in vain.

Here we have the art of a statesman put in a nutshell. Create a "question" by a few ambiguous utterances; express great surprise and sorrow that it should exist; regard its solution, now that it is raised, as of the utmost importance; trust to general weariness to float your scheme in time. The matter seems so simple that we wonder there are not more experts in the art. But Guicciardini does not conceal the difficulties, the disappointments, and the anxieties which beset a statesman, and wonders that so many are eager to incur the risk of such a laborious undertaking. He explains this fact by reflecting that the advantages of honour and dignity are obvious and attractive, while the disadvantages are in the background. Were the evil as patent as the good, the only motive to undertake office would be "that the more men are feared, revered, and honoured, the nearer they seem to approach, and, as it were, to resemble God, to whose likeness who would not wish to attain?" If this motive seem farfetched, it is at least interesting to compare the solution suggested by Christian idealism with that given by Plato—that the good man only held office that he might not be ruled by a worse man than himself.

The greatest praise that a reviewer can give to such a book as Guicciardini's *Counsels and Reflections* is to confess that every page tempts him to make some comment. The reader may feel assured that it will have a similarly stimulating effect upon his own power of reflection. The tone and temper of Guicciardini is singularly modern in its robust common sense and businesslike shrewdness. Many of his remarks may serve to warn us that changes in political institutions and in modes of thought do not much affect the man's nature, and that generation after generation has to bear the same burden. The philosophy of Parliamentary government, and of its reflex action on every sphere of life by wasting every one's time in committees, was thoroughly appreciated three centuries and a half ago:—

Messer Antonio de Venafra was wont to say, and with justice, that if some six or eight sensible men be brought together to consult, they became so many fools. For, disagreeing among themselves, they rather promote disputes than arrive at conclusions.

* *Counsels and Reflections of Francesco Guicciardini*. Translated by Ninian Hill Thomson. London: Kegan Paul, 1890.

ARCANA FAIRFAXIANA.*

THERE be here of problems that vex not the mind, but the rather soothe it, like some lulling dream. To make Pomanders with Amber grease. Or manus Christi in little round Goblitte with leaf-gold. Or to comfort a colde brayne with conserve of Gladwen. Men's mood for these is when they cry Sessa, and let the world slide. And virgins who have made too much of time, and of singing "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," can here have the antidote y^e Quene Mary was wont to take for the passion of the hart. And that, too, happens to be rhythmical enough for Herrick:

Take damask roses half blowne out,
And beat your roses very fine.

For these *Arcana* were secrets of the still-room, the buttery, the pantry, and the larder; of the 'pothecary and the sick-room; even the dyer here found matter for his hand; as howe to dy a watched colour, or maiden-haire colour, or to die popeiniaye grene out of white. And the whole delectable aged quarto is, in fact, a facsimile reproduction, marvellous well executed, of some two hundred pages of the household receipt-book (before 1626) of Lady Margaret Cholmeley, and after that date of her daughter Mary, who in that year married the Rev. Henry Fairfax, rector in succession of Ashton, Newton Keyme, and Bolton Percy, near York. He was uncle to the Parliamentary general Sir Thomas, third Lord Fairfax; and Mr. Weddell manages to draw into the pedigree Mr. Besant's heroine, Dorothy Forster.

Although there is a careful foreword on the handwritings (which contains three much too legible libels on the nineteenth century), the reading of the volume is not given to all that run; much of its lore being hidden from the unworthy, and reserved for patient merit, in the old Shakspearian, or the Secretary, or the Glossyng characters of gone centuries.

Those were the times of pestilent ills and heroic remedies. The plague takes up some space; and, as we know "from the usual sources," wounds were of some interest to the Fairfaxes. There are no less than sixteen prescriptions for them, including the "cure by the weapon, of Rodolphus Goclerius 1608, intituled the magnetically cure of a wound." It was of the old fee-faw-fum or witch's school of pharmacy, and begins: "Take of the mosse of the skull of a strangled man; of the mumie of man's blood; of earth wormes," and so on. But there is nothing magnetical in it, it is surprisingly brief, and it is not (as Mr. Weddell seems to think) the "magnetically cure" or Opodeldoch of Paracelsus. Not, at least, as given by Anselmus Boetius about 1598 and again in 1644. That was an interminable recipe, and did contain powder of the natural magnet calcined in the crucible, with nine and twenty other ingredients.

But surely, at least some old books continued to record some old nostrums partly as a relief to the general tedium of their matter, and in order to the solemn "smoking" of the gulls to come. What other explanation can be given of the survival of this cure "for y^e bleeding at y^e nose," marked for special notice with a cross and the verdict "probatum."

Take a Toade and drie it in Marche, put y^e same into some silke or sattene bagg and hange it about y^e neck of y^e party greaved next y^e skynne, and by gods grace it will stanch presently.

This might have been an Ancient Mariner's sort of expiation for the typical foolish gardener guilty of the famous phrase, "I'll larn 'ee to be a tō-wud!" Here is another of the class of heavy boaxes:

To pull out a toothe. Take wormes, dry them vpon a hott tyle stone, then make powder of them, & what toothe y^e touch wth it will fall out. H. C.

the initials being those of Henry Cholmeley, the brother of Mrs. Mary Fairfax. And another:

To make a worme come out of y^e Head. Take y^e marrow of a Bull or Cowe and putt it warme into y^e eare, & y^e worm will come forth for sweetness of y^e marrowe.

Both these remain in Henry Fairfax's beautiful small hand. But the surgery of the time was truly but rough and ready, as for example: "To take awaye Cornes. Take an Iron and make it whott. . . . And as "for them theyr speech faileth,"

Take staves aker and beate it, and sowe it in a linnen cloth, and make a bagg, noe bigger then a beane: if he can chow it in his mouth, lett hym, if not then lay it upon his tounge.

Here one may perhaps diagnose "a stroke," and say with the old Norse saw that, after all, Cure is the best doctor.

The more healthy portions of the book are excellent in places. Fresh cruddes and creame, for instance; and quince cakes, and haggise pudding, and skirrett pie (for the vegetarians), and how to rost a shoulder of mutton stuffed with halfe a pecke of good oysters, rosemary, time, persley, hard egge-yolkes, lemonn, onion, growse pepper, and white wine viniger, is worth learning. To the old-fashioned recipe for a patatoe pudding (probatum), the objection has already been hinted by the un-ruffled Boileau in

Aimez-vous la muscade? On en a mis partout.

And we must (may we?) venture this rule for pancakes, which may be as old as Elizabeth's days:

Take six Egges yolkes and a pinte of Creame and halfe a pinte of Sacke,

* *Arcana Fairfaxiana Manuscripta*. Reproduced in Facsimile of the Handwritings. Introduction by George Weddell. Newcastle-on-Tyne: Mawson, Swan, & Morgan. 1890.

Nutmegges and Suger as much as will season itt make your Batter of a reasonable thicknes wth flower and soe frye them.

There is a grand receipt, too, for a rundlet of Braggot; and the changes that are rung upon muskadell, malmesey or muskadine, Gascoyne wine, uskabaugh (and how to make it), shrub or sherbet (take brandy six gallons, add four gallons of choice white wine), and very excellent hot and strong old ayle (also in numerous gallons), are enough to turn the strongest unheroic head at the mere reading of them. But they then, one or all, entered into your "dyett-drinke," or into Dr. Chambers's sovereign water (which was *simplice* Gascony eau-de-vie), or the "cure for y^e tympany in y^e leggs," or "y^e La: Widdrington's noble receipt for y^e black jandis": ayle and honey of mornings; which suggests anything but those "doleful dumps" which are connected with that ancient Northern name by a legend which was told longer ago of Haavard (Howard?) Hogvande, in ch. 47 of the Saga of King Olaf Trygvesson.

NEW PRINTS.

WE have received from Mr. Robert Dunthorne, of the Rembrandt's Head, Vigo Street, some very accomplished examples of the mezzotint-engraving of Mr. Frank Short, whose work seems steadily to grow in merit. "A Sussex Down" is a reproduction of a small Constable, in which the engraver has known how to transfer to his plate with a marvellous skill the liquid touch of the painter and his bold varieties of light and shade. This has a curious affinity to the work of J. F. Millet. In a totally different spirit, but with no less retention of the character of the original, Mr. Short has given us the breeziness and movement of Turner's "Mouth of the Thames" in an engraving which will appeal to a much larger public than "A Sussex Down" without being less artistic. As though the engraver desired to show us how easily he can turn from one style to another, he presents us next with a mezzotint of Signor Costa's "Twilight on the Campagna," one of those melancholy scenes of undulating desolation which the painter is so fond of depicting. We do not, ourselves, place Costa on a level with Constable or Turner, nor join Mr. Stopford Brooke in his rapturous eulogy on his work. To us the undeniable distinction of Costa is half outweighed by his monotony and affected simplicity. But, so far as the mezzotinter is concerned, this specimen of Mr. Short's scraping is as fine as either of the others. To our mind there has been no recent engraver who is so sympathetic as Mr. Frank Short. Although his work always has that independent *cachet* which would enable any one cunning in such matters to detect his hand upon a plate, he sacrifices nothing to his own vanity. His first object seems always to be to give a true, and yet a favourable and loving, impression of the picture before him.

Mr. Dunthorne has also published a fine etching called "The Homeward Bound Pennant," adapted by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., from his own picture of "H.M.S. Nelson" in the Royal Academy of 1889. It represents the tall warship in the estuary of the Medway, and is a creditable piece of work, although we miss a little the charm of Mr. Wyllie's colour. Mr. F. Sternberg mezzotints a sentimental picture by Mr. C. P. Jacomb Hood, called "Pauline," which represents a rather pretty girl at a garden-gate waving to somebody with a graceful gesture of the hand. Last, but far from least, Mr. Dunthorne has sent us a large plate of the famous "Love and Life" of Mr. Watts, one of the most beautiful of modern symbolic pictures, carefully reproduced in mezzotint by Mr. R. S. Clouston.

The Art Union of London, 112 Strand, has published four new etchings. "The Clover Field," after F. Barker, is etched by Mr. E. Barclay. There is a certain charm in the shadows of the middle distance, but the sky is sadly dry and chippy; the artist should try to learn the secret of Mr. Short's transparent skies. Sir Augustus Calcott's "Entrance to Pisa from Leghorn" is a graceful and luminous picture, in its old-fashioned way, and has lost little in the hands of Mr. C. O. Murray. Constable's "House at Hampstead" is rather beyond the powers of Mr. H. R. Robertson, who has given us a literal and conscientious transcript of the original, from which the sentiment seems to have evaporated. The Lombardy poplar, to the left, is well engraved. Better than any of the preceding is Mr. Percy Thomas's rendering of "A Windmill" by Crome, in which the penetrating charm of that master is well preserved.

GIRLS' BOOKS.

MORE *Bywords*, by Charlotte M. Yonge (Macmillan & Co.), contains some curious stories, intermingled with old traditions and facts in history—"The Price of Blood," "De Facto and De Jure," and "Sigbert's Guerdon." Then there are "The Cat of Cat Copse," a Hampshire tradition written in verse, "A Review of Nieces"—which contains some of Miss Yonge's well-known faithful depictions of character—and a lively little sketch called "Chops," setting forth the reasons for a cat deserving the curious name.

A Fluttered Dovecote, by G. Manville Fenn (Ward & Downey), is certainly an instance of that author's versatility; for it shows that, not only can Mr. Fenn write stirring tales of

adventure, but that he can actually become a schoolgirl, telling the story of all her wrongs in the traditional girls' school, and giving vivid descriptions of her romantic escapades. The difference between this and most schoolgirls' tales is that Mr. Manville Fenn's "young lady" has a broad sense of humour, with a naïve way of turning it against herself which is truly delightful. That there are still some "Fluttered Dovecotes" to be found, though high schools have nearly taken their place, is clearly the case, or how could the flutterings be so ingeniously set before us?

La Rochelle; or, the Refugees: a Story of the Huguenots, by E. C. Wilson (Nelson & Sons), is a very pretty and touching story of old times. The adventures of an unlucky family of refugees are told in all their pathetic details. In the introduction of the book its author gives a short outline of the history of the Huguenots, in order, as it is stated, to "refresh the memory of the reader and enable him to more intelligently follow the story narrated in the pages of the book."

Very Young, and Quite Another Story, by Jean Ingelow (Longmans, Green, & Co.), is divided into two parts. In the first, the characters in it are as described very young, and, one might add, very foolish indeed; in the second they end, at all events, after many relevant and irrelevant ins and outs, in settling down into their proper places.

The Golden Weather-Cock, by Julia Goddard (Blackie & Son), is a cleverly-conceived, quaint story, in which the golden cock on the church spire is the recipient of enchanting stories of enchanted people and places from the South Wind, the Swallow, the Butterfly, the Cuckoo, the Falling Star, the Cat, the Owl, the Lark, and the West Wind, all full of pretty, ingenious ideas, prettily and ingeniously written.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. STARCKE has plenty of matter to go upon in his book for the *Bibliothèque scientifique internationale* on the Primitive Family (1). He seems to be acquainted with most English authorities, though we do not notice any reference to the fantastic theories of Mr. Karl Pearson or to the saner criticism of Mr. Andrew Lang. He himself seems to be a sane enough critic on most points, save that he will not accept the sole common-sense explanation of marriage. The "insane desire to take a young woman in and board her for life," to borrow a very modern jest, can never have arisen from anything else than the desire to secure a monopoly of that particular young woman's company.

M. Bonjean's little treatise on Hypnotism (2), which is founded on actual knowledge, and by no means uninteresting, is spoilt by an unlucky thread of controversy running through it and devoted to theories of Professor Delbruck's, with which M. Bonjean does not agree. It is a thing as curious as unfortunate, this rage of the specialist for controversy. When you have first hammer, and then tongs, as in a newspaper correspondence, there may be something amusing to the carnal mind in a set-to of the kind. But when an opaque wall separates you from one of the combatants, and for chapter after chapter of a long book you have to contemplate the other lunging, parrying, chuckling to himself "Had him there!" endeavouring to disguise a palpable hit, and so forth, the play of his adversary being unknown and hidden, the amusement is more recondite than exciting. Elsewhere M. Bonjean is rather valuable. For his conclusion on the whole matter he adopts the words of Dr. Grasset, of Montpellier:—"Je ne suis pas arrivé à admettre scientifiquement et positivement l'existence de la suggestion mentale. Je ne la déclare pas *a priori* impossible, mais je ne l'ai pas vue quoique je la cherche tant que je peux."

To come across a romance of the Jacquerie (3) is balm and satinwood to the soul, even if its literature be not quite equal to that of Mérimée's somewhat appalling exercise on the subject. M. Louis Létang is an old of the feminine old (except in years), and writes as men wrote in the brave elder days. A wicked baron of remarkable prowess, but otherwise not to be recommended to a friend, his angelic daughter Stella (by a mother who, it is needless to say, was married against her will), a troubadour peasant in love with Stella, a priest formerly in love with the mother, a Venetian intriguer, peasants, *Jacques*, &c., make up a singularly soothing and agreeable *dramatis personæ*. What matter that we know most things that they will do? They do what they ought to do, and that is the principal thing. A volume of *Contes choisis* (4), by M. Laboulaye, is a welcome addition to the *Nouvelle collection*. The stories are mainly of a good fairy kind, ancestral voices breathing only peace to a right-hearing mind, and we read them with a great deal of joy. It is possible that some people will, as we confess with shame we did, confuse General Tcheng-ki-Tong's (5) title with something about "Chineses" in general. But it is a different kind of thing altogether. "L'homme jaune" is not an abstract or concrete Chinese, but a supernatural being who exercises a fatal

influence on the career of Li-Y. Li-Y got more marks than even Mr. Moulton, and had the civil service of China simply at his feet. Then, as he had a right to do, he fell in love with Siao Yu, and Siao Yu, with more amiability than prudence, not only accepted, but discounted, the bills which he drew on her. Now Li-Y (as are all men of many marks, let us hope) was the soul of honour; but he had a cruel and wicked mother, and she by machinations induced him, hardly conscious of what he did, to marry Lou. And he had brain fever, and Lou nursed him very kindly, and so it was that when he got well that happened unto them (with more show of conventional excuse) which happened to Maltravers and the Orphan. And this mixed things dreadfully, and Siao Yu died of heart disease, if not of a broken heart, and Li-Y followed her, and everything was very uncomfortable. But General Tcheng-ki-Tong has told the tale in an attractive manner, and has written it excellently.

There was a good deal of cleverness in M. Charles Foley's *Guerre de femmes*, and there is a good deal in *Risque-tout* (6). The hero, indeed, a clever, but exceedingly Philistine, young provincial, who comes up to Paris resolved to cut a dash with his capital for a year and then blow his brains out if he has not made his way as a journalist, is not "sympathetic" at all. But the separate scenes have merit, and the penultimate situation is very curious and interesting. The heroine, too (of course the newspaper proprietor's daughter), is decidedly agreeable, very original, and much too good for the hero. The moral of *Le divorce de Roger* (7) would not commend it badly to the elder Mr. Weller, and it may be put in something like his clear accents by saying that, "if widders is bad, grass widders is worse." Roger Maël went down from Paris to Brittany with one whom her husband very foolishly recommended to his care, and he cared for her far too much, and she spoilt his relations with an agreeable and innocent cousin, and things were not well. There is also to be learnt from this book that mothers-in-law are an inconvenience. Stranger things, as the title promises, are to be found in *L'imprévu* (8). The hero is one of the greatest cads to be found in fiction; but this is less remarkable than that he wrote English "en romancier du *Times*," and that, after behaving extremely ill to one lady, he married another who had passed by the arms of a great many lovers, of whom the first was an American boxer named Sir Robert Street.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

OUR Fields and Cities, or Misdirected Industry, by Scrivener C. Scrivener (Fisher Unwin), is a book inspired by the decay of agriculture in the British Isles, a subject that might well provoke the expression of a reasonable discontent in any serious student or thinker. Mr. Scrivener is evidently very ill at ease with the world—"the world of all of us"—and angrily denounces, not only our agriculture, but our land-tenure, landowners, Stock Exchange, Water Companies, waxing right fervid on the "rights of Man," the folly of making goods "to sell, rather than to use," the iniquity of "unearned increment," and so forth. It was the more philosophic habit of our fathers, the reformers, to put forth ponderous inquiries into the existing state of things; it is Mr. Scrivener's way to look around at what he considers "something rotten," and stamp on the ground, and then fill pages with fussy and passionate complaining and railing. He does not inform us how we are to get the surplus population of our crowded cities on to the land, nor how we are to set them to work when they are there. "It is impossible to say," he observes, "what a particular piece of land will do until you get a man upon it." Good; but what kind of man? Were he one of Mr. Booth's Farm Colonists, that piece of land will do nothing whatever, without considerable expenditure of labour and capital, while the absolutely untrained and untried hand might as profitably be set to navigate a ship. As it is, so irresistible is the attraction of towns, Mr. Scrivener admits that the scheme of land cultivation he favours could only be carried out on a small scale, because the labourers are few, and their ranks are continually thinned by migration to cities. It is not a little odd that Mr. Scrivener should acknowledge that the wrong man on the land would intensify the evil, yet, with a plentiful lack of right men, he would multiply small holdings. He writes airily of spending 10*l.* an acre on our arable land in "delving" alone, which preparation of the acre will employ one man during one hundred and sixty days; but at this rate, according to Mr. Scrivener's novel scheme of "delving," the arable acreage of Great Britain would cost one hundred and sixty millions. "Just so," says the writer; "but that sum is not a fourth of the amount spent in trying to suppress the French Revolution a hundred years ago"—which is no argument, were it true, which it certainly is not. All that we can say of this extravagant scheme is that it provides abundant employment for many thousands of "experienced, able-bodied men," and is very cheap philanthropy—from Mr. Scrivener's point of view. Mr. Scrivener ought to know whether Great Britain attempted to suppress the French Revolution, or whether France declared war against Great Britain. He ought also to know that the orthodox four-crop rotation has nothing whatever to do with the importation of barley. He might as well say that we import

(1) *La famille primitive*. Par C. N. Starcke. Paris: Alcan.

(2) *L'hypnotisme*. Par Albert Bonjean. Paris: Alcan.

(3) *Les Jacques d'Auvergne*. Par Louis Létang. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Contes choisis*. Par Edouard Laboulaye. Paris: Charpentier.

(5) *Le roman de l'homme jaune*. Par le Général Tcheng-ki-Tong. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Risque-tout*. Par Charles Foley. Paris: Perrin.

(7) *Le divorce de Roger*. Par Maxime Audouin. Paris: Perrin.

(8) *L'imprévu*. Par Gustave Guiches. Paris: Treuss et Stock.

wheat because the grass lands of the West of England are not given up to the plough.

Mexico, by Susan Hale (Fisher Unwin), the new volume of the "Story of the Nations" series, is a readable book, as might be expected, though it can scarcely be regarded as a handbook of national history. The Mexican nation is, in no historic sense, an exact or tangible term, and until comparatively recent times—the times of Santa Anna and the struggle with the United States—an entirely indefinable term. Perhaps for this reason the author has dealt rather summarily with the period treated in Prescott's brilliant work, and has devoted greater space to modern history. It is well observed that, "in a book like this," it is permitted to "gather up legend as well as fact"; indeed, it is not easy to see how the story of the land of Anahuac is to be told if the romantic traditions of its ancient inhabitants are to be ignored. The author's opening chapters on the Toltecs and Aztecs are marked by the same cautious spirit that distinguishes her account of the conquest by Cortez. For the rest, the story of Mexico under the Spanish viceroys, during the War of Independence, under military dictation from Santa Anna onwards to the brief reign of the unfortunate Maximilian, is narrated in a clear and succinct style. There may be some ground for the author's suggestion that Yturbe was consciously emulative of Napoleon's example, though it seems more probable that he, like the adventurers that followed him, played for his own hand, and played boldly.

Four Red Night Caps (Eden, Remington, & Co.) is a moving recital, by Mr. C. J. Hyne, of a yachting cruise on the West Coast of Scotland. Three of the yachtsmen are represented as absolutely ignorant of all things nautical. They "cram" for the voyage, though not very successfully, as the sequel proves. Their experiences in a tiny yacht are brightly depicted and with a ready flow of humour.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's *Told After Supper* (Leadenhall Press) is a collection of ghost stories that travesty the conventional ghost story. They are printed in extremely large type, on blue paper, and are cleverly illustrated by Kenneth M. Skeaping. Some of Mr. Jerome's stories are of the "Humphries told me," or the "Humphries told me," order—authorities differ as to the reading—though we cannot say that the curate's story is in any other sense comparable with the famous "Story Without an End" in *Blackwood*. Mr. Jerome's humour is at times a little forced, after the manner of your professional "funny man." The story of the ghost who cannot rest from slaying street musicians is amusing, and that of the miller who was induced by a ghost almost to pull down his dwelling-place in search of hidden treasure is very good indeed. But it is impossible to commend the humour or the grammar of Mr. Jerome when he writes of "something about the close, muggy atmosphere that draws up the ghosts, like the dampness of the summer rains brings out the frogs and snails."

Some few Christmas stories, or books for boys and girls, await notice. *The Duke's Page* (Nisbet & Co.) is from the German by Sarah M. S. Clarke (Mrs. Pereira), and is a lively story of the days of Luther, with plenty of incident, and spirited representations of historic events, such as the siege of Magdeburg. *Kibboo Ganey*, by Walter Wentworth (Nelson), is descriptive of adventures in Tripoli and the Western Soudan among the Touaregs or Tuaricks and other wild tribes. It is a far cry from Tripoli to Lake Tschad; but distance is annihilated in the excitement most boys must find from reading this capital story.

Archie's Find, by Eleanor Stredder (Nelson), is a pretty story of Australian life and the fortunes of a family of settlers, one of whom, a small boy, finds gold in a cave, without being a gold-seeker. The children, both boys and girls, are delightfully natural in ways and speech, and the story altogether is thoroughly interesting.

Mr. Albert E. Hooper's *Up the Moonstair* (Leadenhall Press) will delight children by its charming description of a voyage to the moon-country by a boy and a girl, who enjoy a very happy time of play among the moon-children, who possess, among other wondrous things, toys that are alive when they are played with.

Lady Florence Dixie's *Aniwee; or, the Warrior Queen* (Henry & Co.) is a wild and wonderful story, told with unflinching spirit throughout, of the Araucanians and their mythical neighbours, the Traucos, a friendly and interesting folk.

In the "Minerva Library" we have to note a second and concluding instalment of the reprint of Dr. Barth's admirable *Travels in North and Central Africa* (Ward, Lock, & Co.).

We have also received the new Aldine edition of the *Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton*, in two volumes (Bell & Co.), with a Memoir by Edward Bell, and an essay on the Rowley Poems by the Rev. Dr. Skeat; *The Government Handbook* (Fisher Unwin), third edition, edited by Mr. Lewis Sergeant, a useful book of reference, descriptive of the various forms of government throughout the world; *Astronomical Lessons*, by John Eiland Gore, F.R.A.S. (Sutton, Drowley, & Co.), a practical introduction to the study of astronomy, illustrated by good diagrams; *The Federal Government of Australasia* (Sydney: Turner & Henderson), a collection of speeches by Sir Henry Parkes; *Stella's Cup*, by May Elsdale (Warne & Co.), a story for young people, with an excellent moral; Mrs. Sarah Tooley's *Life of Harriet Beecher Stone*, "told for boys and girls" (Sampson Low & Co.); and the third number of *Society Pictures* by George Du Maurier (Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.), a selection from the artist's contributions to *Punch*.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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ORDINARY MEETING of the present Session will be held on Tuesday, January 20, 1891, in the Lecture Theatre of the Museum of Practical Geology, 24 Jermyan Street, S.W., at 7.45 P.M., when the following Paper will be read:—

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